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THE NEW YORK COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER
of

LETTERS

BY

GEORGE CATLIN

DESCRIBING THE
MANNERS, CUSTOMS, AND CONDITIONS
OF THE
NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS

JULY 24, 1832 TO SEPTEMBER 30, 1837

NATURE AND ART.—We have received the following communication, which we are persuaded will be read with much pleasure, not only by the author's friends, but by all the lovers of the fine arts, from a gentleman formerly resident in this city, who is a Painter, by profession, and has distinguished himself highly in its practice. It may also be of service, that his views in visiting the wilderness should be known; and we therefore take the liberty of publishing his latter culture.

YELLOW STONE, 17th June, 1832.

I arrive at this place yesterday, in the steam-boat "Yellow Stone," after a voyage of nearly three months from St. Louis, a distance of two thousand miles—eight hundred of which has never before been navigated by a steam-boat. The almost insurmountable difficulties which continually oppose the voyage on this turbulent stream, have been by degrees overcome by the indefatigable zeal of Mr. Cholo, a gentleman of great perseverance, and part proprietor of the boat. The Fur Company have erected here, for their protection against the savages, a very beautiful Fort, and our approach to it, under the constant fear of cannon for half an hour, and the shrill yells of the half-frightened savages who fired the shores, presented a scene of the most thrilling and picturesque appearance. A voyage so full of incident, and furnishing so many scenes of the picturesque and romantic, we have passed the numerous villages of the "civilized natives," substituting them with the puffing of steam and the thunder of cannon, would afford subject for many epistles; and I cannot deny myself the pleasure of occasionally giving you some little sketches of scenes that I am witnessing, and of the singular feelings that are excited in the breast of a stranger, travelling through this interesting country. This is truly the land of Epicures; for we are invited by the savage to the most sumptuous feasts of dog's meat, as the choicest luxury that can be presented to a stranger, and glutted with bear's tails and Buffalo's tongues.

You will, no doubt, be somewhat surprised on the receipt of a letter from me, so far strayed into the Western World, and still more startled when I tell you that I am here in the full enthusiasm and practice of my art. That enthusiasm alone has brought me into this remote region, three thousand five hundred miles from my native soil, the last two thousand of which have furnished me with unlimited models, both in landscape and the human figure, exactly suited to my feelings. I am now in the full possession and enjoyment of those conditions on which alone I was induced to pursue the art as a profession, and in anticipation of which alone, my admiration for the art could ever be kindled into a pure flame. I mean the free use of Nature's undigested models, with the privilege of selecting for myself.

If I am here losing the benefit of the fleeting fashions of the day, and neglecting that elegant polish which every body says an artist should draw from a continual intercourse with the polite world, yet have I this consolation, that in this country I am entirely divested of those dangerous steps and allurements which continually beset an artist in fashionable life, and have nothing to steal my thoughts away from the contemplation of the beautiful models that are about me.

If also, I have not here the benefit of that feeling of emulation, which is the life and spur to the arts, where artists are associated together, yet am I surrounded by living models of such elegance and beauty, that I feel an unceasing excitement of a much higher order—the certainty that I am drawing knowledge from the true source. My enthusiastic admiration of man, in the honest and elegant simplicity of nature, has always fed the warmest feeling of my bo-

dy, and shut half the avenues to my heart against the specious refinements of the accomplished world. This feeling, together with the desire to study my art independently of the embarrassments which the ridiculous fashions of civilized society have thrown in its way, have led me to the wilderness for a while, as the true school of the arts.

I have, for a long time, been of opinion that the wilderness of our country afforded models equal to those from which the Grecian sculptors transferred to the marble such inimitable grace and beauty; and I am now more confirmed in this opinion, since I have immersed myself in the midst of thousands and thousands of these knights of the forest, whose whole lives are lives of chivalry, and whose daily feats, with their naked limbs, might vie with those of the Grecian youths in the beautiful rivalry of the Olympian games.

No man's imagination, with all the aids of description that can be given him, can ever picture to himself the picturesque beauty of scenes that may be daily witnessed in this romantic country;—of hundreds of these graceful youths, without a care to wrinkle, or a fear to disturb the full expression of pleasure and enjoyment that beams upon their faces—their long black hair mingling with their horses' tails, floating in the wind—flying over the carpeted prairie, and dealing death with their spears and arrows to a band of infuriated buffalo; or the splendid procession of a war party, arrayed in all their gorgeous colors and trappings, moving with most exquisite grace and manly beauty, added to that bold defiance which man carries on his front who acknowledges no superior on earth, and who is amenable to no laws except the laws of honor.

In addition to the knowledge of human nature and of my art, which I hope to acquire by this toilsome and expensive undertaking, I have another in view, which, if it should not be of equal service to me, will be of no less interest and value to posterity. I have designed to get portraits of several distinguished and well selected Indians of both sexes, from every tribe of Indians in North America, painted in their native costume, accompanied with pictures representing their villages, domestic habits, amusements, and the landscape of the country they inhabit, with as much anecdote of their lives as I can obtain and attach to them. I have already been more than a year engaged in the undertaking, and have obtained more than 200 portraits.

The interesting collection commenced a few years since, in the Indian Bureau at Washington, by the perseverance of Mr. McKinney, having been stopped under the present administration, I resolved to make the collection myself, which I am doing at great expense, sacrificing the society of my dearest friends, and necessarily putting my life more or less in jeopardy for the accomplishment of my object. If I should live to accomplish my design, the result of my labors will, doubtless, be interesting to future ages, who will have nothing else left from which to judge of the original habits of that noble race of beings, who require but a few years more of the march of civilization and death to deprive them of all their native customs and character.

I have been kindly supplied by the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and the Secretary of War, with letters to the Commander of every military post, and every Indian Agent on the western frontier, to render to me all the facilities in their power, which will be of great service to me in the undertaking. The opportunity afforded me, by familiarity with so many nations of human beings, in the simplicity of nature, without the deformities of art—of drawing fair conclusions in the interesting sciences of physiognomy and phrenology—of their manners and customs, rites and ceremonies, &c.—and the opportunity of examining the geology and mineralogy of this western and yet unexplored country, will enable me occasionally to entertain you with much new and interesting information, which I shall take equal pleasure in communicating by an occasional epistle in my clumsy way.

Oct 20, 1832.

NEW-YORK COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 20.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.

MOUTH OF YELLOW STONE, July 15th, 1832.

Since I wrote you my last letter, I have been so much engaged in the amusements of the country, and in the use of my pencil, that I have been unable to drop you a line until the present moment. Before I let you into the pleasures and amusements of this delightful country, however, I must hastily travel with you over the tedious journey of 2,000 miles, from St. Louis, over which distance one is obliged to pass before he reaches this place. The Missouri is perhaps different from all other rivers in the world. There is a *current* in its waters which we sensibly feel the moment we enter into it from the Mississippi. From the mouth of the Yellow Stone to the mouth of the Missouri, it sweeps off in one unceasing current, and in the whole distance there is hardly a resting place. Owing to the continual falling of its alluvial banks, its water is always turbid and opaque, having more the appearance (in color) of a cup of chocolate than any thing else I can think of. I have made experiments with a piece of silver, and also with a shell, which is a much whiter substance, and have ascertained that they cannot be discovered through the sixteenth part of an inch of the water. For the distance of about 1,000 miles from St. Louis, the shores of the river, and in many places the whole bed of the stream, are filled with snags, trees of the largest size, which have been undermined by the falling banks, their roots becoming fastened in the bottom of the river, and tops pointing down the stream, form a most frightful and discouraging prospect for the adventurous voyager. Almost every island and sand-bar is covered with huge piles of these floating trees, and when the river is high it is almost impossible for the boat to proceed, in consequence of the continued rafts of this material, which almost literally cover the surface of the water. With what propriety we might call it the "River Styx," I will not undertake to say, but nothing could be more appropriate than to denominate it the "River of Sticks." The scene is not all so dreary, for the eye is delightfully relieved the moment you glance it over the beautiful prairie, most of the way gracefully sloping down to the water's edge, carpeted with the deepest green, and in distance softening into velvet of the richest hues, entirely beyond the reach of the artist's pencil. It has heretofore been very erroneously represented to the world, that the scenery on this river was monotonous and wanting in picturesque beauty. This intelligence I find has come altogether from a set of men, who, if they had been capable of relishing the beauties of Nature, would have passed them in this place without noticing them, for every moment they are trembling for the safety of their peltries, &c., or for their lives, which are at the mercy of the yelling savages who inhabit this delightful country.

One thousand miles or more of the upper part of the river was to my eye like "fairy land." I was the whole time rivited to the deck of the boat, from which I beheld with rapture the changing scenes of every moment, I cannot so well describe with pen as with my pencil, and have therefore filled my Port Folio with sketches, which it may eventually amuse you to look over. The whole face of the country, from St. Louis to the falls of the Missouri, (600 miles above the mouth of Yellow Stone) is one continued prairie, except the bottoms formed along the river, and the streams which empty into it, which are covered with the most luxuriant growth of forest timber. The surface level of the prairie is from 200 to 300 feet above the level of the river, forming a valley the whole way for the river, varying in width from two to twenty miles. The river is alternately running from one bluff to another, which present themselves to its shores in all the most picturesque and beautiful shapes, and colors imaginable. Some with their green sides gracefully slope down, in the most beautiful groups, to the water's edge; whilst others, divested of their verdure, present themselves in immense masses of clay of different colors, some standing in the most perfect forms of huge domes,

cupolas, turrets, towers, and ruined castles. In distance, some of these groups have the appearance of ancient cities in ruins, with solitary standing columns, falling domes and ruined edifices. It is amidst these wild haunts that the mountain sheep and the fleet bounding antelope, sport in herds, secure in these rude places, which are inaccessible to their enemies.

If any thing did ever literally "astonish the natives," it was the approach of the steam-boat alongside of their villages. They were astonished, and thousands of them dropped themselves upon the shore, viewing it with wonder and astonishment. Some called it the "Fire boat," others called it the "Medicine boat, with eyes," for they declared it saw its own way, and went along without help. At this place, from which I am writing, the American Fur Company have a very strong fort, well piqueted and protected with bastions mounting cannon. This fort was built by, and is now in charge of Mr. McKenzie, who receives all the trade of the northern and western Missouri Indians. This post, and the posts and Indian villages which I shall visit on my way down the river, will enable me to get my sketches of the most interesting tribes of Indians in North America, inasmuch as they are less known to the world, and more cleanly in their persons, and more richly dressed than any other Indians on the continent. This tour up the Mississippi presents to me the Sioux, Ricarees, Mandans, Gros-ventres or Minaterees, Assiniboians, Crows, Ojibeways, Crows, Black-foot, Snakes, Delawares and Shawanoes. All these nations of Indians speak different languages, and most of them differ in their dress, domestic habits, amusements, &c. and if my life is spared for a few years, my unwearied exertions will enable me to lay a pretty fair representation of them, together with the other tribes of North America, before the world.

The splendid costume, and elegant taste with which the Crows and Black-foot dress and ornament themselves, can only be appreciated or realized by those who can see them. I shall devote a future letter entirely to the costume and domestic habits peculiar to each nation, where you will be able to get a detailed account, and form a correct idea of the beauty of their dress and deportment.

As far as my travels have yet led me into the Indian country, I have more than realized my former predictions, "that these Indians who could be found most entirely in a state of nature, without the least knowledge of civilized society, would be found to be the most cleanly in their persons—elegant in their dress and manners, and enjoying life to the greatest perfection."

Every one of these red sons of the Forest, (or rather the Prairie) is a Knight, and a Lord; his squaws are his slaves; the only things which he deems worthy of his exertions, is to mount his sporting steed with his bow and quiver slung, his arrow-shield upon his arm, and his long lance glistening in the war parade—or, divested of all his plumes and trappings, armed with his simple bow and quiver, to plunge his steed amongst the flying herds of buffalos, and with his sinewy bow, which he never bends in vain, to dive deep to life's fountain the whizzing arrow. The Buffalo herds which always graze upon these beautiful prairies in countless numbers, afford them abundance of meat, and so much is it preferred to all other, that the Deer, the Elk, and the Antelope sport upon the prairies in herds in the greatest security, as the Indians never kill them unless they want their skin for a dress.

Whenever Mr. McKenzie's ice house is nearly empty of Beef, he starts with three or four men on horseback, with two or three carts following at a distance, and oftentimes within view of the fort, if not, within a mile or two they will ride amongst a band of them, and in a few minutes kill ten or twelve of them, selecting the fattest of the herd.—These scenes are exceedingly spirited and beautiful, furnishing decidedly the finest subjects for the pencil of any sporting scenes in the world. The horses in this country are all trained to it, and know exactly how to approach the animal without being guided by the bit. A short light gun is used for the purpose.—The rider guides his horse at full speed until he has selected the object of his prey—He directs his

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horse to it, then drops his bridle, and the horse at full speed approaches the animal on the right side, within eight or ten feet, when the shot is generally given with such precision through the vital parts of the body that he seldom runs more than an hundred yards before he falls.

I rode in the midst of several of these scenes rather to study than to stay. In one of them however finding my horse had brought me so fairly along side of a bull of the largest size, I caught, as my horse had, the enthusiasm of the chase, and with my double barrelled piece so disabled him that he was immediately left by the head. I halted, and saw my comrades sweeping over the prairies, mingled in the midst of the herd, and leaving at every few rods their dying victims on the plains. I was willing to stop the pursuit, for I found that I had luckily so disabled my bull that he could make none, or but little advance upon me, although he was continually rising and swelling himself with the most frightful rage, and endeavoring to pitch upon me. He was a scene for the painter or the statuary, one worthy of the sublime ideas of Michael Angelo. Not the tiger nor the black maned Lion of Africa could have looked half so

furious or frightful. I defy the world to produce an animal, in his looks so furious and frightful as the Buffalo Bull, when he is roused into a rage, with his long shaggy mane covering his shoulders and falling to the ground. In this condition I drew my sketch book from my pocket, and by riding towards and around him, and exciting his fury, I was enabled to catch the very attitudes and expressions that I wanted. The party returning, at length, with some anxiety for my safety, and finding me dismounted and busily engaged with this infuriated gentleman before me, standing for his likeness, were not a little surprised and amused. When my series of attitudes and expressions were finished, a shot through his head finished the scene.

The health and amusements of this delightful country render it almost painful for me to leave it. The atmosphere is so light and pure that nothing like fevers or epidemics has ever been known to prevail here—indeed it is proverbial here that a man cannot die unless he is killed by the Indians. If the Cholera, should ever cross the Atlantic what a secure, and at the same time, delightful refuge this country would be for those who would be able to reach it. I shall commence descending the river in a few days in a small boat, and shall stop some time at the Mandans and Gros-ventres or Minatarees villages, 400 miles below this, which are probably the most interesting villages of Indians which I shall see on the river. From those villages I shall be able to give you some more interesting and amusing details of the manners and customs of these uncivilized and unchristianized sons of the West. Until then adieu.

Your friend & Serv't,

GEORGE CATLIN.

NEW-YORK COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER

TUESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 13.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.

MANDAN VILLAGE, Upper Missouri, }
Aug. 5th, 1832. }

Dear Sir,—Soon after the date of my last letter from the mouth of Yellow Stone, I descended the river in a skiff to this place, where I have resided about two weeks, a guest in this subterraneous city—the strangest place in the world, where one sees in the most rapid succession, scenes which force him to mirth—to pity and compassion—to admiration—to disgust—to fear and to astonishment. Here are subjects and scenes worthy the pens of Irving, or Cooper; rich in legends and romances which would require no aid of the imagination for a picture.

The Mandans, or (See-pohs-ka-nu-ka-kee, "people of the pheasants,") as they call themselves, are perhaps one of the most ancient tribes of Indians in our country. They take great pride in relating their traditions with regard to their origin—contending that they were the first people created on earth. Their village is undoubtedly of very ancient origin, and from what I could learn of their traditions, they have, at a former period, been a very numerous and powerful nation; but by the continual wars which have existed between them and their neighbours, they have been reduced to the number of 16 or 1800 souls.

Their village is situated on the Bank, in one of the most beautiful valleys on the River. The ground on which it is built was admirably selected for defence, being on a bank forty or fifty feet above the bed of the River. The greater part of this bank is nearly perpendicular, and of solid rock. The River suddenly changing its course to a right angle, protects two sides of the village, which is built upon this promontory or angle; they have therefore but one side to protect, which is effectually done by a strong piquet and a ditch inside of it, of three or four feet in depth. They are undoubtedly secure in their village from the attacks of any Indian nation, and have nothing to fear except when they meet their enemies on the prairie. Their village has a most strange appearance to the eye of a stranger; their lodges are closely grouped together, leaving but just room enough for walking and riding between them. They appear from

without to be built entirely of dirt, but one is surprised, when he enters them, to see the neatness, comfort, and spacious dimensions of these earth-covered dwellings. They all have a circular form, and are from fifty to sixty feet in diameter. Their roofs are formed of poles of six or eight inches in diameter, with the butt end in the ground, and placed so thick as to touch each other—the points nearly meeting at the top, leaving an aperture of four or five feet in diameter, answering for a chimney and a sky-light at the same time. These poles are supported in the middle by large beams, and over their tops is laid a close mat of willows, which protects them from the dampness of the earth, with which they are covered, of about a foot in thickness. The floors of these dwellings are of earth, but so hardened, and swept so clean, that they have a bright polish, and would not soil the whitest linen. In the centre, and immediately under the sky-light, is the fire place—a hole of four or five feet in diameter, of a circular form, sunk a foot or more below the surface, and curbed around with stone;—around this are the family group, reclining in all the most picturesque attitudes and groups, resting on their Buffalo robes and beautiful mats of willow. These cabins are so spacious that they contain from 15 to 20 persons—a family and all their connections. They all sleep on beds made similar in form to ours, but generally not quite as high; they are made of round poles, rudely framed together. A Buffalo skin is strained across like a sucking bottom, on which they place a number of Buffalo robes, making the finest bed in the world. Their beds are all covered with dressed skins, strained over the frame, in the form of curtains, leaving a square hole to get into and out of their beds. Some of these curtains are fringed and otherwise beautifully orna-

mented. The Mandans have nothing in their personal appearance or demeanor to distinguish them in any considerable degree from the neighbouring Indians, excepting the singular appearance of their hair. In this particular, they are different, I believe, from all Indians in the world. Their hair has all the shades and variety of colors that are to be seen amongst white society. Many children, male and female, at the age of 10 or 15 years, are seen with their hair of a bright silvery grey, and some almost perfectly white.

Many of the young women are comely and some of them extremely beautiful. They marry at a very early age, and whilst young and unmarried they dress with much neatness, and practice more pure, native modesty, in their dress and demeanor, than any female society that I ever was in. If modesty be a virtue, it would be well if some of our fashionable ladies could study from these simple models. Their beautiful white skin dresses extend from their chins down, quite to the ground, and are studiously formed to hang loose over their bodies without showing any thing of the shapes of the person; instead of drawing and cording themselves up into angles and protuberances, as our fair ladies do, to attract the gaze and admiration of the world. Their dresses are made of the skins of the mountain sheep, which they consider preferable to all others, being softer, of finer texture, and much lighter. These skins are so ingeniously dressed that they leave, around the neck, down the sides, and around the bottom, a border of the skin with the hair on, which is cut into a kind of fringe having very much the appearance of ermine. They are ornamented in a great variety of ways with porcupine quills, heads of different colors, elk's teeth, and shells. After becoming matrons, that blushing modesty in a great degree disappears, and they wear a dress made of elk skin, a coarser material, shorter and better calculated for the laborious duties they have to perform, as slaves to their lords.

Perhaps nothing ever more completely astonished these people than the operations of my brush. Soon after arriving in their village, I invited and painted the two principal chiefs; in a very few minutes after having exhibited them, it seemed as if the whole village was crowding upon me to see them. I was obliged to stop painting, and place them high in a conspicuous place, where all could see them. The likenesses were recognised, and some commenced yelling, some singing and others crying. The next curiosity was to see me, and so great was the rush upon me that I was in danger of suffocation. The eager curiosity and expression of astonishment with which they gazed upon me, plainly showed that they considered me some strange being. They soon resolved that I was the greatest medicine man in the world, for they said I had made living beings—they said

they could see them laugh, and if they could laugh they could speak, &c. and must be alive. The squaws soon raised a cry against me in the village, saying that I was a dangerous man, that if I could make living persons by looking at them, I could kill them when I pleased, and that some bad luck would happen to those whom I painted. In this way they excited fears in the minds of a number of Chiefs who had agreed to sit; my operations were, of course, completely at a stand. I finally had an interview with a number of them, and assured them that I was but a man-like themselves—that my art had no medicine or mystery about it, but could be learned by any of them if they would practise it as long as I had—that my intentions towards them were of the most friendly kind—and that in the country where I lived, brave men never allowed their squaws to frighten them with their foolish whines, stories, &c.: they all immediately arose, shook me by the hand, and dressed themselves for their pictures. There was no difficulty after that about sittings, all were ready to sit—the squaws were silent—and my painting room a continued resort for them, where they waited with impatience to see the completion of each picture, that they could laugh, sing a new song, &c. &c. I was then often taken by the arm by the Chiefs and led to their lodge, where a feast was prepared for me in their best style. In this manner I was taken from one lodge to another, and treated in the most cordial manner. There

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is an universal disposition in the Indian character to admire curious works of art, and particularly for paintings, for which they seem to have the greatest passion: it is not, therefore, to be wondered at that they were astonished at an operation so novel and unthought of by them, and that I should, for once in my life, have been considered a great man and a great painter.

These people are singular in their manner of treating their dead; they are all lodged on scaffolds at a little distance from their village, after having been enveloped in many folds of skins and closely laced with cords from head to foot. These scaffolds are built simply with four posts and poles across, just high enough to be above the reach of hounds. On these the body thus enclosed is laid and remains to decay. They often place the most costly sacrifices of the richest cloths; robes, dresses, &c. over them, which are held sacred by the living, and are left to decay with the body.

They generally fasten a wooden dish to the scaffold that the deceased may be able to drink when he is thirsty; and the squaws who are nearest related to the deceased regularly carry meat and water, and place them on the scaffold that they may not suffer from hunger or thirst. Whenever the scaffold decays, and the bones fall, the relatives take the skull, which is perfectly bleached, and carry it to a place a little distance from the scaffold, where the skulls are collected, and arranged on the ground in the form of a circle, to a very great number. In this curious arrangement the greatest precision has been observed in placing them in a circle, and at equal distances, with their faces all looking into the centre. The squaws who recognize here the skulls of their husbands, their children, &c. regularly pay to them their devotions. They are often to be seen lying flat upon their faces, embracing these skulls—shedding tears upon them—talking to them and offering them something to eat. Each one of them is rested on a bunch of wild sage, which is always removed and renewed as soon as it wilts and decays. These skulls and their order are preserved with the greatest religious veneration, and are perfectly protected, for their superstition is such that no one would dare to violate the order of this arrangement.

I spent many an hour in this interesting study for the Craniologist and Phrenologist. I made many notes, and a variety of drawings, which are for the curious—of which I may speak in a future epistle, but for which I have not room at present.

About three miles distant from the Mandan Village is what is called "The Little Mandan Village," containing forty or fifty lodges, built in the same manner, and the inhabitants in all respects the same, being a part of the same nation. Seven or eight miles up the river are three villages of Gros-ventres or Minatons; their villages are built in the same manner as that of the Mandans, yet they are a nation entirely distinct from the Mandans, speaking a different language. The two nations live however in perfect harmony and friendship, and are always ready to join in the common cause of mutual defence. These are the largest and best built Indians on the river. They are a very warlike nation, and their number of men rapidly diminishing from their continued efforts to signalize themselves in war. They were formerly a part of the Crow nation. They speak the same language, and still imitate them to a considerable degree in the richness and elegance of their dress.

I spent several days in these villages with a great deal of interest and amusement.

I would that it were in my power to describe the beauty and spirit of a scene which I witnessed the day before I left the Minatons village. It was reported in the village that a large band of buffaloes were in sight, and in a few minutes about one hundred young men were mounted, with bows and arrows in their hands and ready for the onset. They

were divested of all their dress, except a small light robe which is kept exclusively for that purpose, thrown around the waist and carelessly tied.

An old Chief offered me a fine horse to ride, which I mounted and swept off in the flying throng to see the sport. We were soon in sight of the unsuspecting herd, who knew not of their danger until they were completely surrounded by their enemy; here, then, ensued a scene equal to any military manoeuvre. The animals affrighted, rapidly fled in a body, but the fleet cavalry closed so rapidly in front of them, waving their small robe in their hands and raising their frightful yells, that they turned about in confusion, and bent their course in a different direction, where they also met their yelling foes advancing in the rear. They recoiled again, during which time they were so closely hemmed in that they rushed together in a mass, in the greatest confusion, being able to move in no other form than in a circle. The Indians then commenced riding round them in a ring, and having closely hemmed them in, the whizzing arrows began to fly, and the work of death commenced. Then commenced a scene worthy the poet's pen, or the pencil of the artist—not a mere scene of slaughter, but a *battle scene* of the most spirited kind, for the Bulls, exasperated and enraged at their assailants, would often turn upon them with the greatest fury imaginable, in which case their only safety was by flight. I often saw the Indians dismounted in the midst of the heat and confusion of the struggle; and the instant their feet were upon the ground, the small robe from their waist was waving in their hands in readiness for the Bull, which he expects is plunging upon him, and quicker than lightning, (when the animal has made his last leap, which is to crush his assailant to death) this robe is thrown over his horns and face. The Indian leaps by his side, and quicker than thought his arrow flies to the heart. About fifteen minutes closed this scene, all was silent; about 300 were slain, and not one of the band escaped. Though the scene had been so spirited and picturesque that I looked upon it with riveted feelings of delight, yet I could not look upon this field of slain, who had so nobly died, without feelings of pity and regret.

In my next letter, I will endeavor to give you some idea of the religious ceremonies of these misguided superstitious people, at an annual ceremony to which I was a witness for four days, in which they fast and abstain from drinking, and then commence inflicting tortures upon themselves by cutting their bodies and limbs, in a manner too shocking to describe—passing sticks through them—hanging themselves by these wounds—dragging heavy weights, &c. &c. Though shocking to the feelings of humanity, yet a description of it may be interesting to the people of the East, who are ignorant of what is actually transpiring in this Western World.

Yours, &c.

GEORGE CATLIN

THE UPPER MISSOURI.—We have the pleasure this evening of publishing a third letter from our friend CATLIN—an artist, formerly of this city, as we hope he will be again—written from the Great West. We know not where to address him, or we should have adopted a less public method of tendering him our thanks for his very interesting and popular letters. Perhaps he will find a straggling number of the present sheet somewhere, although we have but few subscribers among the Mandan and Sioux Christians—and if he does, we hereby assure him that his well-written, graphic, and picturesque communications, are most welcome, and we hope he will continue them as long as he is traversing the great Prairies of the West—or floating upon its mighty rivers,—or consorting with the fierce and bristling red men of those "antres vast and deserts idle."

JAN. 10, 1833.

NEW-YORK COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.
THURSDAY EVENING, JANUARY 10.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.

MANDAN VILLAGE, Upper Missouri, }
August 12, 1832. }

Dear Sir—I would gladly shrink from the undertaking which I am now about to commence, did I not feel bound by the promise in my last letter, to give you a description of an annual religious ceremony, which I witnessed a short time since, in this village, in company with two other gentlemen, who were with me in continual attendance for four days, that we might lose nothing of this strange exhibition. With my enthusiasm for the Indian character, I took great interest in witnessing every form and feature of these rites, and consequently was most of the time too much engaged to think of my meals.

From the high standing I held amongst them as a "*Medicine man*," in consequence of my art, I gained admission into the *Medicine Lodge*, with my two friends, where we witnessed the whole preparation of their secret medicines and *hocus pocus* operations, together with the horrible scenes of cruelty which they practised upon their own bodies.

Before I proceed further, however, I will detain you for a moment to give you some idea of their *Religious creed*, and then proceed with my description. I found, by close interrogation, that they believe in the existence of a Great (Good) Spirit, and also in the existence of a Bad Spirit, who they say existed long before the Good Spirit, and is far superior in power. They all believe in a future existence, and in a future state of rewards and punishments, and (as do all other tribes which I have yet visited) they believe that punishment is not eternal, but commensurate with their sins. These people living in a climate where they suffer extremely from cold in the severity of their winters, have very naturally reversed our ideas of Heaven and Hell. The latter they describe to be a country very far to the north, of barren and hideous aspect, and covered with eternal snows. The torments of this freezing place they describe as most excruciating. Whilst Heaven they suppose to be in a warmer and delightful latitude, where nothing is felt but the keenest enjoyment, and where the country abounds in Buffalo and other luxuries of life. God (or the Great Spirit) they believe dwells in Hell, for the purpose of there meeting those who have offended him, increasing the agony of their sufferings by being himself present, and administering the penalties. The Bad Spirit they conceive to be in Heaven, still tempting the happy, whose happiness is increased by their successful resistance of his temptations.— Their belief is that those who go to Hell are tormented there and suffer for a time proportioned to the amount of their transgressions, and that they are then to be transferred to the land of the happy, where they are again liable to the temptations of the Devil, and answerable again at a future period, for their new transgressions.

The *Annual Ceremony* (or *o-kee-pa*, as they call it) is by them considered a *religious ceremony*, wherein, by inflicting punishments of the most cruel and painful kind, upon their own bodies, they expect to appease the Almighty, receive pardon for their sins past, and a promise of future success in hunting, and in battles with their enemies.

It is also observed, partly in commemoration of the event of the *subsiding of the flood*, (*mee-ne-to-ka-ha-sha*), of which, their traditions and manner of conducting these ceremonies afford abundant proof that they have some knowledge, and the strict adherence to the celebration of which event they look upon as an indispensable part of their religious worship. The continual herds of Buffalo which approach their village throughout the year and supply them with abundance of meat, they suppose to be brought in, in consequence of this ceremony, which they consider absolutely necessary for their approach.— In the centre of their village is a circular area of 150 feet in diameter, which is kept vacant for all their shows and

public ceremonies. One of the lodges fronting this circle is called the *Medicine Lodge*. (*Te-he-p-nee*), being 75 feet in diameter, and never opened except for the performance of some of their mysteries or *medicine*. During all these occasions, the most rigid rules of secrecy are observed, to the exclusion of strangers and even of their own villagers, excepting such as are, by their honors or renown, entitled to admission.

The season of the year when this celebration takes place is uniformly as soon as the trees are in full leaf, at which season the mourning dove makes his appearance amongst them, and they say that the twig which he brought had full grown leaves upon it. This bird they have a high veneration for, and it being *medicine* with them, they never kill it. On the morning of the day previous to the commencement of these ceremonies, there appears on the prairies, at a distance, a man whom they all recognise as (*Nu-mohk-muck-a-nah*) the first or only man, who by slow degrees approaches and enters the village with a great deal of form and ceremony, as if he had just arrived from the west. His body is painted red, his robe of four white wolf skins, his head-dress of two raven skins, and in his hand he holds a pipe of huge dimensions. At his approach the *Medicine Lodge* is thrown open, and prepared by covering the floor of it with the branches of green willow—perfuming it with the most fragrant herbs which can be collected—and placing in several parts of it a curious display of buffalo and human skulls. During this preparation he visits every lodge in the village, and demands from every one a knife or other edged tool, which is readily given to be sacrificed, for he says, "with these things the *great canoe* was built." These articles are kept in the *Medicine Lodge* with the greatest veneration until the ceremonies are over, and they are then sacrificed by throwing them into the water.

At sunrise on the following morning, *Nu-mohk-muck-a-nah*, or *first man*, opens and enters the *Medicine Lodge*. After him follow a considerable number of young men, who are to do penance by inflicting tortures upon their own persons. They are almost entirely naked, and their bodies painted with clay—some yellow, some white, and some red. Each one brings with him his arms and *medicine*—the first consisting of his bow and quiver, shield, or arrow fender, lance, &c. and the latter, (*pe-toh-neesh-kit-tia*) of the skins of animals or birds, dried, stuffed, and ornamented in a variety of ways. These are suspended over the heads of their appropriate owners, who lie at equal distances around the sides of the lodge. After these, enters (*Oh-kee-pa-kah-seh-ka*, *keeper*, or *conductor of the ceremonies*), his body painted yellow, a leathern apron, or girdle, about his loins, and his cap of white buffalo skin; he at this time receives the large pipe from the other who leaves the lodge and immediately returns again to the west, and does not again make his approach until the next annual celebration.— This man, after receiving the pipe, is considered the *greatest medicine man* in the village, and is master of ceremonies during the occasion. He takes charge of the lodge, remaining in it four days and nights without eating or drinking, during the whole of which time he is crying and wailing at a most hideous rate, and strictly guarding the penitents who are under his charge, and not allowed to leave the lodge, or to partake of food or drink. During the three first days there are a great variety of dances and curious songs and ceremonies, performed in front of the *medicine lodge* by persons fantastically dressed and painted for the purpose. These dances and ceremonies are performed around a curl of six feet in diameter, and ten feet in height, which stands in front of the *medicine lodge*, containing some of their most sacred medicines, and preserved with great veneration as the symbol of the Ark, or "*great Canoe*," as their traditions call it. On the first day they dance four times; on the second day, eight times; on the third day, twelve, and on the fourth day, sixteen times. The principal actors in these

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strong are eight men, naked, bodies painted black, with a Buffalo skin—with horns—thrown over them: their bodies in a horizontal position, and a wreath of willows in each hand performing the Buffalo dance—two men, naked—their bodies painted black with the skin of a grizzly Bear thrown over them, intended to represent that animal—two boys, naked, their bodies and faces black, and spotted with white—representing the sky or firmament—two boys, naked bodies and faces red, with stripes of white, up and down, representing ghosts—two men, naked, bodies black, and heads white, representing bald eagles—a great number of boys, bodies yellow, head and feet white, called *cabri* or antelope—four very aged men with sacks of water on which they beat with a stick in time with the other music. These sacks (*Ect-teh-ka*) are made of the skin of the Bull Buffalo's neck, in the form of a large tortoise, which they admirably represent, each containing several gallons of water, which has been kept tightly enclosed in them from time immemorial, and which, from their veneration, they cannot venture to change. Two men with a rattle in each hand, (*Eh-na-de*, or *she-shee-quae*, rattles, in form of a gourd-shell), which are violently shaken as an accompaniment to their voices, which, together, constitute the music for a variety of strange dances and manoeuvres too numerous to mention in this place. It would require a volume to describe the grotesque and apparently ridiculous performances of this strange grouse, their officers, characters, symbols, &c. On the third day, and during these dancing scenes, the whole village appears to be suddenly thrown into the greatest consternation by the approach of a man who is running about on the prairie, apparently in great trouble, and gradually approaching the village, which he at length enters, running through every part of it as if he were in great distress; his body is entirely naked, and painted black—his face frightfully indented with white and red, and in his hand a long rod or wand painted white. He is called by them the *Ecil Spirit*: he runs into the lodges and out again with the greatest eagerness, and is continually frustrated in all his attempts of *impropriety* by the great medicine pipe of the master of ceremonies, who continually thrusts it between him and the females who are running and screaming for protection. His wand is wrested from him at length, and the village again restored to tranquillity.

On the fourth day a scene commences of a nature almost too shocking and appalling to be related, and at the recollection of which I always shudder when I recur to it. The Spanish Inquisition in all its horrors could hardly surpass in cruelty the scenes which I witnessed here, and in which I was supported and enabled to look upon only from the consideration that these were the *voluntary* inflictions upon their own bodies. Weak and exhausted from fasting and thirsting for four days and nights—one of these poor fellows walks up at a time, near the centre of the lodge, where resting upon his knees and his head inclined downwards, he submits to the operation of those to whom it is allotted to perform these acts of cruelty.—They take up between the thumb and finger, an inch and a half of skin and flesh, with a portion of the *trapezius* muscle, on the back side of each shoulder—and force a large knife through it, which is made dull at the point that it may produce as much pain as possible. After the knife is withdrawn from these incisions, or perforations, splints, the size of a man's thumb, are forced through them; to these splints are attached a couple of cords descending from the top of the lodge, by which he is drawn until his feet are nearly relieved from the ground. Then in the same manner the knife is passed and splints or arrows put through the integuments on the arms below the shoulder (over the *Brachialis externus*) below the elbow (over the *extensor carpi radialis*) on the thighs (over the *tactus externus*) and below the knees (over the *peronaeus*). Attached to these splints are his bow and quiver, his shield, his lance and medicine bags, with two, three and sometimes as many as four Bull Buffalo's heads and horns.

With all these weights attached to him, he is gradually raised by the cords until all these appendages are free, and his feet six or seven feet above the ground; in this position, with the blood flowing in streams from his hands and feet, he hangs in the most exquisite agony, uttering the most painful yells and cries, which I found to

be, when interpreted, his earnest prayers to the Almighty to spare his life—to forgive his sins—that he may be successful in battle, and always have buffalo in abundance for his subsistence. As soon as one was thus suspended, the same operation was performed on a second, a third and fourth, &c. until the wailings and mingled cries of agony, with the sanguinary appearance of the lodge, which was becoming like a human slaughter house, sickened me to the heart and the stomach. Sometimes eight or ten were hanging in this condition at once, (some by the back, and others by the muscles in the breast,) without, apparently, exciting in the faces of their friends, who were about them, the least expression of sympathy or compassion. The length of time that they were thus suspended, was sometimes half, and at others a whole hour, depending on the constitution and bodily vigor of the subject; for they were never let down until they had fainted from exhaustion, and every external appearance of existing life had entirely vanished. They were then gradually lowered to the ground, and left to rise when they could rise by themselves, without the aid of any one. When they were able to do this, they advanced to another part of the lodge, where they sacrificed one, two or three fingers by laying them on the skull of a buffalo's head, when they were struck off by a hatchet. After these transactions within the lodge are completed, they are led out in front of the lodge with all their weights dragging after them, where, in the circular area, in presence of the whole village, who are here assembled, a scene takes place of a still more appalling nature, and to the sufferers, still more excruciating than the one just described. Around their emblem of the ark an hundred or more young men, naked, holding each other by the hand, their bodies painted in all varieties of colors and curious forms, commence a rotatory movement with the greatest velocity possible, uniting their voices in the most piercing yells of lamentations. Outside of this circle are led the bleeding penitents, each one with an athletic man on each side of him, who take them by a leathern thong fastened around the wrist, and commence running around the circles with all speed that is possible, and violently urge them forward, until from weakness and exhaustion they begin to falter, and at length sink down into the dirt, where they are still dragged until all appearance of life is gone, and until all the articles attached to their wounds have torn out and been left; to effect which it is often necessary for several of them to jump on them with the whole weight of their bodies.

They are then left, apparently in a lifeless condition, until they can rise of themselves and walk away. Whilst lying in this position many fine presents of robes, guns, horses, &c. are brought and placed by them, which their squaws come and carry to their lodge.

Here ends this cruel and barbarous ceremony, which, in frequent instances, they have not bodily strength to survive, and die in the operation. Many however, submit to these tortures every year, for the greater part of their lives, and their limbs appear completely mangled and disfigured by scars.

It is impossible to describe the feelings one has whilst witnessing a scene of this kind—to look about him and realize that a scene so much like a dream is reality—that men of stately form, with wisdom in their looks, should be acting so stupid a tragedy in all the fervor of earnest devotion—and that such has been the unaltered form which each revolving year, for centuries past, has brought about, whilst the rapid march and brightening intellect of civilized improvement have illumined the world, yet lent them not a spark, nor, with all their knowledge and improvements, dreamed of what is done and doing in this West in World.

I have made four paintings which will embrace the whole of these scenes, and I intend to publish them to the world with the certificates of the two gentlemen who were with me, "that I have nothing extenuated nor ought set down in malice." The strange and interesting traditions of these people with regard to their origin, &c. and their reasons and arguments for observing this annual ceremony in all its forms and cruelties will be a subject for a future epistle.

Adieu, yours, &c.

GEO. CATLIN

FEB. 20, 1873.

NEW-YORK COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER
WEDNESDAY EVENING FEBRUARY 20.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.

SCENES OF THE UPPER MISSOURI, ETC., N. B.
MANDAN VILLAGE, Aug. 20, 1872.

DEAR SIR: I fear that I have already tired your patience with my notes on these curious people; but I must run the risk of offending you, and tax your patience yet a little longer; or in communicating to the world what I have undertaken from a sense of duty, I shall be under the necessity of turning a book, a thing which I should dislike to do.

In my last letter I promised to give some account of the traditions of the Mandans relating to their origin; their reasons for observing the annual ceremony described in my last letter; &c. &c. Their ideas respecting their original appearance on earth, though ridiculous, will nevertheless be interesting and amusing, inasmuch as they aid in forming an estimate of the character and manners of these strange people. I find that they are all of one belief with regard to their superstitions, and all arguments are vain in attempting to change their belief, or cause doubts in their minds.

According to their traditions they were the first people created in the world, and they originally lived *in* the earth. They say that a vine had grown from one of their corn-fields to a very great height through a hole in the earth, and that one of their young men climbed up it until he came out on the top of the earth where the Mandan Village now stands; that he looked around and admired the beautiful prairies and country about him; saw many buffaloes; killed one and found that it was good to eat; that he returned and related what he had seen, when a number of them went up and witnessed the same things. Amongst the throng who were endeavoring to climb up was a very large fat woman, who was advised not to go up, but whose curiosity led her to attempt it, notwithstanding, as soon as she got an opportunity. When she had got part of the way up, the vine broke under her weight and let her down. She was disgraced for being the cause of a great calamity which could never be averted; for none could ascend, nor could those descend who had got up. They commenced the Mandan Village where it now stands, and the remainder of them are living underground to this day.

To sit and listen to so stupid a theory as this, interpreted from the lips of an old chief of high standing and dignified appearance, did really seem ridiculous; nevertheless it is their belief, and must be taken as such. Such a theory will hardly be well received by the world; but if Symmes had got hold of it in time, it might have afforded him a strong argument in support of his theory of the earth.

That these people have some traditional knowledge of the destruction of the earth by water, there is not the slightest doubt. The manner and form of conducting their "annual ceremony," described in my last letter, afford abundant proof of this fact, as well as many other proofs which have fallen under my observations, yet unnecessary to mention in this place. When, and in what manner they obtained this knowledge, is a subject for curious speculation; for which purpose my particular interrogations have brought forth many curious and interesting stories from them, connecting the whole foundations for their belief— one of which I will mention. They say that at a very remote period *Nu-mohk-muck-a-nah* (the first man, of whom I spoke in my former letter) came from the West to the Mandan Village, and told them that the world had been destroyed by water—that they must make sacrifices to the water—worship it—build

an (ark, or) "big canoe" in the centre of the village; build a medicine lodge, and forever continue to celebrate the event annually, by dancing, cutting themselves, &c., in which he instructed them. By so doing he told them they would please the Great Spirit, and always be sure of having abundance of buffalo for their subsistence—he told them that he dwelt in the West, and that at every annual celebration he would call and see them.

They have another curious tradition, which I will briefly mention, and leave it for the present, for the world to draw their own conclusions upon. They say that at a very early period, *Oh-kee-ke-de*, (the Evil Spirit,) mentioned in my last letter, came to the Mandan Village with *Nu-mohk-muck-a-nah*, (or First Man,) from the West, and sat down by a woman, who had but one eye, and was hoeing corn; her daughter, who was very pretty, came up to her, and the Evil Spirit desired her to go and bring him some water; but wished that, before she started, she would come to him, and eat some buffalo meat. He told her to take a piece out of his side, which she did, and ate it, which proved to be buffalo fat. She then went for the water, which she brought, and met them in the village, who both drank of it. The friends of the girl shortly after, told her that she was *unclean*, which she did not deny; yet declared her innocence, and boldly defied any man in the village to come forward and accuse her. This raised a great deal of excitement in the village, and she went off to the Little Mandan Village, where the child was born. This child was looked upon as the greatest of medicine (mystery) by them, from the strange manner of his birth, and the wonderful things which he did at an early age. They say that amongst other things, he gave them four Bulls, which filled the whole village, leaving as much as they had eaten; saying, at the same time, that these four bulls would supply them forever. *Nu-mohk-muck-a-nah* was bent on the destruction of the child; and after making many fruitless searches for him, at length found him, and put him to death, by throwing him into the river; in consequence of which is their adoration of water.

When the Evil Spirit heard of the death of this child, he sought for *Nu-mohk-muck-a-nah*, with intention to kill him. He at length found him at Heart River, with the large medicine-pipe in his hand; the charm or mystery of which protects him against all of his enemies. They however, soon agreed to become friends—smoked the big pipe together, and returned to the Mandan Village. *Nu-mohk-muck-a-nah* told the Mandans never to pass Heart River to live; for it was the centre of the world, and to live beyond it, would be destruction to them. And he named it *Nu-oom-pa-sah-hah* Heart or Centre of the World.

Such are a few of the principal traditions of these people, which I have thought proper to give to the world, and I have given them in their own way, with all the imperfections which should be expected amongst a superstitious people, in a state of simple nature, with no other means of perpetuating historical events than by oral traditions. How far these evidences will go to convince the world that they have for a long period preserved and perpetuated an imperfect knowledge of the Deluge, of the appearance and death of Christ, and the transgression of Mother Eve, I leave, at present, for the world to decide. My notes contain numerous other evidences, which go to corroborate these suppositions, and which are too minute and tedious to mention in this place. I may, at a future period, lay the whole of them before the world, in support of the position which I trust I shall be able to maintain, after a familiar acquaintance with all the different tribes, that the *natives* of North America are the descendants of the *Jewish Nation*.

I have dwelt thus long in my notes on the Mandans,

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because they are a nation of Indians, in their personal appearance, manners, and customs, and traditions, so entirely different from all other Indians on the Continent. In their language, also, they are still more peculiar and distinct; for it is so entire and unlike all others, that it is said not to have in it a single word corresponding with, or bearing a resemblance to, any language known amongst the Indian nations. Their language is so extremely difficult to acquire, that none of the neighboring Indians know any thing of it; and the trader who has lived ten years amongst them, and been in continual familiarity with them, tells me that he has yet but an imperfect knowledge of it.

Note.—St. Louis, Oct. 20th.—Since writing the above, which I had no means of transmitting to this place sooner than by my own packet, I have succeeded in descending the River in safety for 2000 miles, in a small skiff, with two men at the oars, and myself at the helm, steering its course the whole way amongst the snags. This part of my journey has been the most rugged, yet the most delightful of my whole tour. Our skiff was generally landed at night, on the point of some projecting, barren sand bar, where we straightened our limbs on our buffalo robes, secure from the annoyance of mosquitos, and out of the walks of Indians and grizzly bears. In addition to the opportunity which this descending tour has afforded me, of visiting all the tribes of Indians on the River, and leisurely filling my port folio with the beautiful scenery which its shores present—the sportsman's fever was roused and satisfied,—the swan, ducks, geese and pelican—the deer, antelope, elk and buffalo, were stretched by our rifles, and sometimes—"pull boys! pull. A war party! for your lives pull! or we are gone!"

I often landed my skiff and mounted the green carpeted bluffs, whose soft grassy tops, invited me to recline, where I was at once lost in contemplation. *Soul* multitudes scenery that was about me! A place, where the mind could think volumes, but the tongue must be silent that would speak, and the hand palsied that would write. A place, where a *Divine* would confess that he never had fancied *Paradise*—where the painter's palette would lose its beautiful tints—the blood-stirring notes of eloquence would die in their utterance—and even the soft tones of sweet music would hardly preserve a spark to light the soul again, that had passed this sweet delirium. I mean the *Prairie*, whose enamelled plains that lie beneath me, in distance soften into sweetness like an essence: whose thousand thousand velvet-covered hills, (surely never formed by chance, but grouped in one of Nature's sportive moods)—tossing, and leaping down with steep or graceful declivities to the River's edge, as if to grace its pictured shores and make it "a thing to look upon." I mean the *Prairie* at sunset, when the green hill-tops are turned into gold—and their long shadows of melancholy are thrown over the valleys—when all the breathings of day are hushed, and nought but the soft notes of the retiring dove, can be heard, or the still softer and more plaintive notes of the wolf, who sneals through these scenes of enchantment, and mournfully howls as if lonesome, and lost in the too beautiful quiet and stillness about him. I mean this *Prairie*, where Heaven sheds its purest light and sheds its richest tints—this round topped bluff, where the foot treads soft and light—whose steep sides and lofty head rear me to the skies, overlooking yonder pictured vale of beauty—this solitary cedar post, which tells a tale of grief, *grief* that was keenly felt, and tenderly, but long since softened in the march of time, and lost. Oh sad and tear-starting contemplation! sole tenant of this stately mound, how solitary thy habitation! Here Heaven wrested from thee thy ambition, and made thee sleeping monarch of this land of silence.

Stranger! Oh, how the mystic web of sympathy links my soul to thee and thy afflictions! I knew thee not, but it was enough; *this tale was told*, and I, a solitary wanderer through thy land, have stopped to drop familiar tears upon thy grave. Pardon this gush from a stranger's eyes, for they are all that thou canst have in this strange land, where friends and dear relations are not allowed to pluck a flower and drop a tear to freshen recollections of endearments past.

Stranger! adieu. With streaming eyes I leave thee again, and thy fair land, to peaceful solitude. My pencil has faithfully traced thy beautiful habitation, and long shall live in the world, and *hath* the name of *Thou art gone*.
GEO. CATLIN

FROM THE FAR WEST.—We have again the pleasure of presenting to our readers another communication from our esteemed friend and correspondent, GEO. CATLIN, Esq. By accident the month is obliterated in the copy, and we therefore leave it blank.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.

St. Louis, — 4th, 1833.

Since I arrived in this place I have been shut up like a hermit in his cave, retouching and finishing my numerous sketches of country, physiognomy, manners and customs, which I have collected on my tour through the vast and wild regions of "Upper Missouri." Surrounded (as I am in my studio) with sketches which continually rivet upon my mind a repetition of so many pleasing scenes which I passed through, I cannot help troubling you at intervals, with a few of my occasional reflections relative to the customs of that strange land; leaving my notes on the Sioux—Punahs—Ottos—Mahas—Pawnees—Konzas, &c. &c. for future consideration.

A traveller on his tour through such a country has no time to write, and scarcely time enough to moralize—it is as much as he can *well* do to look out for his *scalp* and *something to eat*. Impressions however, of the most vivid kind, are rapidly and indelibly made by the fleeting incidents of savage life; and for the mind that can ruminate upon them with pleasure, there are abundant materials clinging to it for its endless entertainment in driving the quill when he gets back. The mind susceptible of such impressions catches volumes of incidents which are easy to write—it is but to unfold a web which the fascinations of that *shorn* country and its allurements have spun over the soul—it is but to paint the splendid Panorama of a world entirely different from any thing seen or painted before, with its thousands of miles and tens of thousands of grassy hills and dales, where nought but silence reigns, and where the soul of contemplative mould is lifted up to God. What man in the world, I would ask, ever ascended to the pinnacle of one of Missouri's green carpeted Bluffs; a thousand miles severed from his own familiar land, and giddily gazed over the interminable and boundless ocean of grass-covered hills and valleys which lie beneath him, where the gloom of silence is complete—where not even the voice of the sparrow or cricket are heard—without feeling a sweet melancholy come over him which seemed to raise his soul above the world?

It is but to paint a vast country of green fields, where the men are all red—where meat is the staff of life—where no laws but those of honor are known—where the oak and the pine give way to the cotton-wood and peccan—where the buffalo range, the elk, mountain sheep, and the fleet bounding antelope,—where the magpie and chattering paroquettes, supply the place of the red-breast and blue-bird,—where wolves are white and bears grizzly,—where pheasants are hens of the prairie, and frogs have horns,—where the rivers are yellow, and white men are turned savages in heart. Through the whole of this strange land the dogs are all wolves—women all slaves—men all lords. The sun, and rats alone (of all the list of old acquaintance) could be recognized, in this country of strange metamorphose. The former shed every where his old familiar rays, and Mons. Ratapon was hailed as an old acquaintance, which it gave me pleasure to meet, though he had grown a little more savage in his looks.

In traversing these vast wilds, it gave me great satisfaction to find nearly all the savage tribes on the Upper Missouri and its tributaries, to the Rocky Mountains, enjoying the comforts of life to a great degree, in a climate delightful and healthy, and a country abounding in most parts with game which supplies them with plenty of food; being supplied by the American Fur Company with arms, ammunition, and other necessities of life, for which they pay in furs and peltries on the return from their long hunts. Since they have learned the use of fire arms, clothes, &c., it has become necessary to furnish them with these articles annually, to prevent them from going to the British Company, who stand ready to supply

them and monopolize the fur trade in our own country, and cultivate an influence over them extremely dangerous to our frontiers.

There is no other manner in which this supply can be so regularly and effectually made, and the friendship of these powerful nations so well secured, as by the extensive means now used by the American Fur Company—who have, at immense expense, established a variety of trading posts amongst them, and so fortified them as to render them invulnerable to assaults from any Indian force which can be brought against them. These forts are always kept abundantly supplied with goods at an uniform price, and the friendship and trade of the Indians thereby secured. My opinion has been (with that of the world) that the profits resulting to the Company were very great; but having witnessed the extreme difficulties of transporting their goods to that country—of extending their trade to the mountains—the enormous expenses of the establishment, and the continued liability to heavy losses, I should very much doubt whether the profits, at this time, could be considerable.

To add to the very many difficulties which this Company has had to encounter, Congress have added another by prohibiting the further introduction of *spirituous liquors* into this country, which act (if continued in force) will undoubtedly destroy all prospects of trade in that section of country, and greatly endanger the lives of persons employed in it. The manner in which those nations of Indians use spirituous liquors, is entirely without the pernicious effects which it produces amongst the bordering tribes, where whiskey is so easily obtained that they fall miserable victims to its baneful influence.

Very nearly all the Indians with whom this Company trade, are obliged to pay so high a price for this article, that they can afford to drink but little; it is sipped in small and precious draughts, and is, at the same time, absolutely necessary for conciliating and securing their friendship. Though rare and scanty the libations in which they can indulge, yet, so much do these wild amateurs value a drink and a spree, on the return from their long hunts, that it would be impossible to secure their trade without indulging them in the use of it. Nearly all these nations can trade as easily to the British Company's posts, as to those of the American Fur Company. The British Company will always be ready to supply them, even more abundantly with spirituous liquors, and take all their furs. The consequence will then be that the British Company will monopolize all the Fur Trade in our own country, and with the aid of this powerful stimulant, they will be enabled to gratify their utmost feelings of jealousy by successfully exciting the savages against our own trading posts, whose business will not only be completely annihilated, but the lives of our citizens in that country, be placed in imminent danger, and the evil which Congress designed to remedy, not in the least removed.

If it be an object to secure to the United States, any part of the fur trade of our country, the members of Congress who would take the least pains to inform themselves on the subject, would soon see the necessity of repealing that law. Let them be aware that the British Company have already established several strong posts within our own territory, on the Columbia River, taking all the trade, and extending their influence over all those numerous nations of Indians beyond the Rocky Mountains. These posts are rapidly growing into flourishing colonies; and British influence increasing over our immense frontiers to an alarming degree. The successful resistance which the American Fur Company have made to this growing influence, by great and struggling efforts to secure the trade and friendship of the Indians on the Missouri and its tributaries, has been, and will continue to be, of immense benefit to our country. But the certain consequences of that prohibition will be to counteract all of those beneficial results; and so soon as the present stock of liquors already in the country, is exhausted, to endanger the property and lives of all traders, and even of Indian Agents, in that section of country.

[To be concluded to-morrow]

NEW-YORK COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER

FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 21.

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.

St. Louis, — 4th, 1833.

[Concluded from yesterday.]

In traversing the immense regions of the *Classic West*, the mind of a Philanthropist is filled to the brim with feelings of admiration: but to reach this country, one is obliged to descend from the light and glow of civilized atmosphere, through the different grades of civilization, which gradually sink to the most deplorable vice and darkness along our frontier; thence through the most pitiable misery and wretchedness of savage degradation, where the *genius of natural liberty* and independence have been blasted and destroyed by the contaminating vices and dissipations of *civilized society*. Through this dark and sunken vale of wretchedness one hurries as through a pestilence, until he gradually rises again into the proud and heroic elegance of savage society, in a state of pure and original nature, beyond the reach of civilized contamination: here he finds much to fix his enthusiasm upon, and much to admire. Even here, the predominant passions of the savage breast, of treachery and cruelty, are often found, yet restrained and frequently subdued by the noblest traits of honor and magnanimity, — a race of men who live and enjoy life and its luxuries, and practice its virtues, very far beyond the usual estimations of the world, who are apt to estimate the savage and his virtues from the poor, degraded, and humbled specimens which alone can be seen along our frontiers. From the first settlements of our Atlantic coast to the present day, the bane of this *blasting frontier* has regularly crowded upon them, from the northern to the southern extremities of our country, and, like the fire in a mountain, which destroys every thing where it passes, it has blasted and sunk them, and all but their names, into oblivion, wherever it has travelled. It is to this tainted class alone that the epithet of "poor naked savage," can be, with propriety, applied; for all those numerous tribes which I have visited, and are yet untainted by the vices of civilized acquaintance, are well clad, cleanly, and in the full enjoyment of life and its luxuries. It is for the character and preservation of these noble fellows that I am an enthusiast, and it is for these uncontaminated people that I would be willing to devote the energies of my life. It is a sad and melancholy truth to contemplate, that all the numerous tribes who inhabited our vast Atlantic States have not "fled to the West"—that they are not to be found there—that they have been blasted by the fire which has passed over them, and every thing but their names sunk into oblivion.

The distinctive character of all these Western Indians, as well as their traditions relative to their ancient locations, prove beyond a doubt that they have been for a very long time located on the soil which they now possess, and in most respects distinct and unlike those nations who formerly inhabited the Atlantic coast, and who, (according to the erroneous opinion of a great part of the world) have fled to the west.

It is for these happy people, yet untainted by the vices of civilized society, that I would proclaim to the world, that it is time, for the honor of our country—for the honor of every citizen of the republic, and for the honor of humanity, that our government should raise her strong arm to save the remainder of them from the pestilence which is rapidly advancing upon them. We have robbed them of territory enough, and the country which they now inhabit is most of it too barren of timber for the uses of civilized pursuits; it affords them, however, the means and luxuries of savage life, and if our government will acquiesce in the continued and wilful destruction of these happy people, then is the blood of these devoted victims upon her hands.

My heart has sometimes almost bled with pity for them, while amongst them, and witnessing their happy sports, I have contemplated the inevitable bane that was rapidly advancing upon them without the aid of the protecting arm of government, which could easily shield them from vices, and civilize them (if necessary) with virtues.

What degree of happiness these sons of nature may attain to in the world, or in what proportion they may relish the pleasures of life, compared to the sum of happiness belonging to civilized society, has long been a subject of much doubt, and one which I cannot undertake to decide at this time. If the thirst for knowledge has entailed everlasting miseries on mankind from the beginning of the world—if refined and intellectual pains increase in proportion to our intellectual pleasures, I do not see that we gain much advantage of them on that score; and judging from the full-toned enjoyment which beams from their happy faces, I should give it as my opinion, that their lives were much more happy than ours; that is, if the word happiness is properly applied to the enjoyments of those who have not experienced the light of the Christian religion. I have long looked with the eye of a critic, into the jovial faces of these sons of the forest, unfurrowed with cares—where the agonizing feeling of poverty had never stamped distress upon the brow. I have watched the bold, intrepid step—the proud, yet dignified deportment of nature's man, in fearless freedom, with a soul unalloyed by mercenary lusts, too great to yield to laws or power, except from God. As these noble fellows are all joint-tenants of the soil, they are all rich, and none of the steepings of comparative poverty can strangle their just claims to renown. Who (I would ask) can look without admiring into a society where peace and harmony prevail—where virtue is cherished—where rights are protected, and wrongs are redressed—with no laws but the laws of honor, which are the supreme laws of their land. Trust the boasted virtues of civilized society for a while, with all its intellectual refinements, to such a tribunal, and then write down the degradation of the "lawless savage" and our transcendent virtues.

As these people have no laws, the sovereign right of summary redress lies in the breast of the party (or friends of the party) aggrieved; and infinitely more dreaded is the certainty of cruel revenge from the licensed hands of an offended savage, than the slow and uncertain vengeance of the law. I have no time or room to write, yet I cannot help but make remarks; and since I have returned to my own native land, with its boasted laws and institutions, and found it in commotion; the fair fabric pulling to pieces, and gazettes teeming with horrible outrages upon God's Holy Law, by the very *Oracles of Religion*, I often look back to the West, and almost name myself anarchist and savage.

If you think me enthusiast, be it so; for I deny it not. It has ever been the predominant passion of my soul to seek Nature's wildest haunts, and give my hand to Nature's men. Legends of these and visits to those, filled the earliest page of my juvenile impressions. The tablet has stood, and I am an enthusiast for God's works as He left them. The sad tale of my native "Valley" has been beautifully sung, and from the flight of "Gertrude's" soul, my young imagination closely traced the savage to his deep retreats, and gazed upon him in dreadful horror, until pity pleaded and admiration worked a charm.

A journey of four thousand miles from the Atlantic shore, regularly receding from the centre of civilized society to the extreme wildness of nature's original works, and back again, opens a book for many an interesting tale to be sketched; and the mind which lives but to relish the works of nature, reaps a reward of a much higher order than can arise from the selfish expectations of pecuniary emolument. Notwithstanding all that has been written and said, there is scarcely any subject on which the knowing people of the East, are yet less informed and instructed than on the character and amusements of the

JUNE 21, 1874.

West: by this I mean the "Far West"—the country whose fascinations spread a charm over the mind almost dangerous to civilized pursuits. Few people even know the true definition of the term "West"—and where is its location?—phantom-like it flies before us as we travel, and our way is continually gilded, before us, as we approach the setting sun.

In the commencement of my tour, several of my traveling companions from the city of New York found themselves at a frightful distance to the West, when we arrived at Niagara Falls, and hastened back to amuse their friends with scenes of the West—at Buffalo a steamboat was landing with 400 passengers, and twelve days out—"Where from?" "from the West." In the rich state of Ohio hundreds were selling their farms and going—to the West. In the beautiful city of Cincinnati people said to me "our town has seen its best days, it is not far enough West"—In St. Louis, my landlady assured me that I would be pleased with her boarders, for they were nearly all merchants from the "West." I asked—"whence come those steamboats, laden with pork, honey, hides, &c.?" "from the 'West.'" "Whence those ponderous bars of silver which those men have been for hours shouldering and putting on board that boat?"—they come from the West—Where goes this steamboat so richly laden with dry-goods, steam engines, &c.—she goes to Jefferson City—"Jefferson City?" "Where is that?"—far to the West.—"And where goes that boat laden down to her gunnels, the Yellow Stone?"—She goes still farther to the West—then said I, "I'll go to the West." Two

thousand miles on her and we were at the mouth of Yellow Stone—at the West. "What invoices, bills of lading, &c., a wholesale establishment so far to the West! And those strange looking, long haired gentlemen who have just arrived and are relating the adventures of their long and tedious journey, who are they?" Oh, they are some of our merchants just arrived from the West.—"And that keel-boat, that Mackinaw boat, and that formidable caravan, all of which are richly laden with goods?"—These, Sir, are outfits for the West. "Going to the West, ha?" Then said I, "I'll try it again." "What, a Fort here, too?" *Ouis, monsieur*—*ouis, monsieur*. "What distance are you west of Yellow Stone here?" *Comment?* "What distance—(stop)—quel distance?" *Pardon, monsieur, trois cents milles, monsieur*. "Ou parlez vous pas l'Anglais?" *Non, monsieur, I speak de French and de Americaine, mais je ne parle pas l'Anglais*. "Well, then, my good fellow, I will speak English and you may speak Americaine." *Pardon, pardon, monsieur*. "Well, then, we will both speak Americaine."—*Vol, sare, je suis bien content, pour ser I see dat you speaks putty coot Americaine*. "What Indians are those so splendidly dressed, and with such fine horses, encamped on the plain yonder?" *Ils sont Corbeaux*. "Crows, ha?" *Yes, sare, monsieur*. "We are then in the Crow country?" *Non, monsieur, we are in de coontree of de dam pieds noirs*. "Black-feet, ha?" *Ouis*. "What blue mountain is that which we see in the distance yonder?" *Ha, quel Montaigne? cela est la Montaigne du—(pardon.)* "Du Rochers, I suppose?" *Ouis, monsieur, de Rocky Montaigne*. "You live here, I suppose?" *Non, monsieur, I comes fair from de West*. *Monsieur Pierre Chouteau con give you de histoire de ma rie—il bien sait que je prends les castors*. "You carry goods, I suppose, to trade with the Snake Indians beyond the Mountains, and trap Beaver, also?" *Ouis, monsieur*. "Do you see anything of the 'Flat-heads' in your country?" *Non, monsieur, ils demeurent very fair to de West*. "Well, Baptiste, I'll lay my course back again, and at some future period, endeavor to go to the West."

Adieu, &c.

GEO. CATLIN.

1427 53, 1834

NEW-YORK COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER

WEDNESDAY EVENING, JULY 23.

From our Correspondent.

FORT GIBSON, (Arkansas Territory,) }
12th June, 1834. }

Being about to leave the civilized world again for a campaign in the Indian country, I take this opportunity to bequeath a few words to you before the moment of departure. Having some time since obtained permission from the Secretary of War to accompany the Regiment of the U. S. Dragoons in their summer campaign, I reported myself at this place two months ago, where I have been waiting ever since for their organization.—After the many difficulties which they have had to encounter, they have at length all assembled—the grassy plains are resounding with the trampling hoofs of the prancing war horse—and already the hills are echoing back the notes of the spirit-stirring trumpets, which are sounding for the onset. The natives are again “to be astonished,” and I shall probably again be a witness to the scene. But whether the approach of eight hundred mounted Dragoons amongst the Camanches and Pawnees, will afford me a better subject for a picture of a *gaping and astounded multitude*, than did the first approach of our steam-boat amongst the Mandans, &c., is a question yet to be solved. I am strongly inclined to think that the scene will not be less wild and spirited, and I ardently wish it, for I have become so much Indian of late, that my pencil has lost all appetite for subjects that savour of tameness. I should delight in seeing these red Knights of the lance astonished, for it is then that they shew their brightest hues—and I care not how badly we frighten them, provided we hurt them not, nor frighten them out of *sketching distance*. You will agree with me that I am going farther to get *sittens*, than any of my fellow artists ever did; but I take an indescribable pleasure in roaming through nature's trackless wilds, and selecting my models, where I am free and unshackled by the killing restraints of society, where a painter must modestly sit and breathe away in agony the edge and soul of his inspiration, waiting for the sluggish calls of the civil. Though the toil, the privations, and expense of travelling to these remote parts of the world to get subjects for my pencil place almost insurmountable, and sometimes *painful* obstacles before me, yet am I encouraged by the continual conviction that I am practising in the *true School of the Arts*; and that, though I should get as poor as Lazarus, I should deem myself rich in models and studies for the future occupation of my life. Of this much I am certain—that amongst these sons of the forest, where are continually repeated the feats and gambols of the Grecian Games, I have learned more of the essential parts of the art in the three last years, than I could have learned in New-York in a life-time.

The landscape scenes of these wild and beautiful regions, are, of themselves, a rich reward for the traveller who can place them in his port-folio: and being myself the only one accompanying the Dragoons for scientific purposes, there will be an additional pleasure to be derived from those pursuits. The Regiment of eight hun-

dred men, with whom I am to travel, will be an effective force, and a perfect protection against any attacks that will ever be made by Indians. It is composed principally of young men of respectable families, who would act, on all occasions, from feelings of pride and honor, in addition to those of the common soldier.

The day before yesterday the Regt. of Dragoons and the 7th Regt. of Infantry, stationed here, were reviewed by Gen. Leavenworth, who has lately arrived at this post, superseding Col. Arbuckle in the command.

Both Regiments were drawn up in battle array, in *fatigue dress*, and passing through a number of the manoeuvres of battle, of charge and repulse, &c., presenting a novel and thrilling scene in the prairie, to the thousands of Indians and others who had assembled to witness the display. The proud and manly deportment of these young men remind one forcibly of a Regiment of Independent Volunteers, and the horses have a most beautiful appearance from the arrangement of colors. Each company of horses has been selected of one color entire. There is a company of bays, a company of blacks, one of whites, one of sorrels, one of greys, one of cream color, &c. &c., which render the companies distinct, and the effect exceedingly pleasing. This Regiment goes out under the command of Col. Dodge, and from his well attested qualifications, and from the beautiful equipment of the command there can be little doubt but that they will do credit to themselves and an honor to their country, so far as honors can be gained and laurels can be plucked from their wild stems in a savage country. The object of this summer's campaign seems to be to cultivate an acquaintance with the Pawnees and Camanches. These are two extensive tribes of roaming Indians, who, from their extreme ignorance of us, have not yet recognized the United States in treaty, and have struck frequent blows on our frontiers and plundered our traders who are traversing their country. For this I cannot so much blame them, for the Spaniards are gradually advancing upon them on one side and the Americans on the other, and fast destroying the furs and game of their country which God gave them as their only wealth and means of subsistence. This movement of the Dragoons seems to be one of the most humane in its views, and I heartily hope that it may prove so in the event, as well for our own sakes as for that of the Indian. I can see no reason why we should march upon them with an invading army carrying with it the spirit of chastisement. The object of Government undoubtedly is to effect a friendly meeting with them, that they may see and respect us, and to establish something like a system of mutual rights with them. To penetrate their country with the other view, that of chastising them, even with five times the number that are now going, would be entirely futile, and perhaps *disastrous* in the extreme. It is a pretty thing (and perhaps an easy one, in the estimation of the world) for an army of mounted men to be gaily prancing over the boundless green fields of the West, and it is so for a little distance—but it would be well that the world should be apprised of some of the actual difficulties that oppose themselves to the success of such a campaign, that they may not censure too severely in case this command should fail to accomplish the objects for which they were organized.

July 23, 1874.

In the first place, from the great difficulty of organizing and equipping, these troops are starting too late in the season for their summer's campaign, by two months. The journey which they have to perform is a very long one, and although the first part of it will be picturesque and pleasing, the after part of it will be tiresome and fatiguing in the extreme. As they advance to the west, the grass (and consequently the game) will be gradually diminishing, and water in many parts of the country not to be found.

As the troops will be obliged to subsist themselves a great part of the way, it will be extremely difficult to do it under such circumstances, and at the same time hold themselves in readiness, with half famished horses and men nearly exhausted, to contend with a numerous enemy who are at home, on the ground on which they were born, with horses fresh and ready for action. It is not probable, however, that the Indians will venture to take advantage of such circumstances, but I am inclined to think that the Expedition will be more likely to fail from another source: it is my opinion that the appearance of so large a military force in their country will alarm them to that degree, that they will fly with their families to their hiding places amongst those barren deserts, which they themselves can reach only by great fatigue and extreme privation, and to which our half exhausted troops cannot possibly follow them. From these haunts their warriors would advance and annoy the Regiment as much as they could by striking at their hunting parties and cutting off their supplies. To attempt to pursue them, if they cannot be called to a council, would be as useless as to follow the wind; for our troops, in such a case, are in a country where they are obliged to subsist themselves, and the Indians being on fresh horses, with a supply of provisions, would easily drive all the Buffalo ahead of them, and endeavor, as far as possible, to decoy our troops into the barren parts of the country, where they could not find the means of subsistence.

The plan designed to be pursued, and the only one that can succeed, is to send runners to the different Bands, explaining the friendly intentions of our Government, and to invite them to a meeting. For this purpose several Camanchee and Pawnee prisoners have been purchased from the Osages, who may be of great service in bringing about a friendly interview.

I ardently hope that this plan may succeed, for I am anticipating great fatigue and privation in the endeavor to see these wild tribes together, that I may be enabled to lay before the world a just estimate of their manners and customs.

I hope that my suggestions may not be truly prophetic, but I am constrained to say that I doubt very much whether we shall see any thing more of them than their trails, and the sites of their deserted villages.

Several Companies have already started from this place, and the remaining ones will be on their march in a day or two. General Leavenworth will accompany them 200 miles, to the mouth of False Washita, and I shall be attached to his staff. Incidents which may occur, I shall record for you - Until then, adieu.

Your friend and servant,

GEO. CATLIN

Aug. 22, 1834

NEW-YORK COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER

FRIDAY EVENING, AUGUST 22.

From our Correspondent.

MOUTH OF FALSE WASHITTA, }
Red River, 14th July, 1834. }

Under the protection of the United States' Dragoons, I arrived at this place three days since, on my way again in search of the "Far West." How far I may *this time* follow the flying phantom, is uncertain. I am already again in the land of the *Buffalo* and the *fleet bounding Antelope*.

We shall start from hence in a few days, and other epistles I may occasionally drop you from *terra incognita*, for such is the great expanse of country which we expect to range over; and names we are to give, and country to explore, as far as we proceed. We are, at this place, on the banks of the Red River, having Mexico under our eye on the opposite bank. Our encampment is on the point of land between the Red and False Washitta Rivers, at their junction, and the country about us is a Panorama too beautiful to be painted with a pen: it is, like most of the country about us, composed of Prairie and timber, alternating in the most delightful shapes and proportions that the eye of a connoisseur could desire. The verdure is every where of the deepest green, and the plains about us are literally speckled with Buffalo. We are distant from Fort Gibson about 200 miles, which distance we accomplished in ten days.

A great part of the way the country is prairie, gracefully undulating, well watered, and continually beautified by copses and patches of timber. On our way my attention was rivetted to the tops of some of the prairie bluffs, whose summits I approached with inexpressible delight. I rode to the top of one of these noble mounds in company with my friend Lieut. Wheelock, where we agreed that our horses instinctively looked and admired. They thought not of the rich herbage that was under their feet, but, with a deep drawn sigh, their necks were loftily curved, and their eyes widely stretched over the landscape that was beneath us. From this elevated spot the horizon was bounded all around us by mountain streaks of blue, softening into azure as they vanished, and the pictured vales that intermediate lay, were deepening into green as the eye was returning from its roamings. Beneath us, and winding through the waving landscape was seen with peculiar effect, the "bold Dragoons," marching in beautiful order, forming a train of a mile in length. Baggage waggons and Indians (engages) helped to lengthen the procession. From the point where we stood the line was seen in miniature, and the undulating hills over which it was bending its way gave it the appearance of a huge snake gracefully gliding over a rich carpet of green.

This picturesque country of two hundred miles, over which we have passed, belongs to the Creeks and Choc-taws, and affords one of the richest and most desirable countries in the world for agricultural pursuits.

On the eighth day of our march we met for the first time a herd of Buffalo, and being in advance of the command, in company with Gen. Leavenworth, Colonel Dodge, and several other officers, we all had an opportunity of testing the mettle of our horses and our own tact at the wild and spirited death. The inspiration of chase took at once and alike with the old and the young; a beautiful plain lay before us, and we all gave spur for the onset. Gen. Leavenworth and Col. Dodge with their pistols, gallantly and handsomely belabored a fat cow, and were in together at the death. I was not quite

so fortunate in my selection, for the one which I saw fit to gallant over the plain alone, of the same sex, younger and coy, led me a hard chase, and for a long time disputed my near approach, when at length the full speed of my horse forced us to close company, and she desperately assaulted his shoulders with her horns. My gun was aimed, but missing its fire, the muzzle entangled in her main and was instantly broke in two in my hands. My pistols were then brought to bear upon her, and though severely wounded she succeeded in reaching the thicket, and left me without "a deed of chivalry to boast."—Since that day the Indian hunters in our charge have supplied us abundantly with buffalo meat, and report says that the country a-head of us will afford us continual sport and an abundant supply.

We are halting here for a few days to recruit horses and men, after which the line of march will be resumed, and if the Pawnees are as near to us as we have strong reason to believe, from their recent trails and fires, it is probable that within a few days we shall thrash them or get thrashed, unless, through their sagacity and fear, they elude our search by flying before us to their hiding places.

The prevailing policy amongst the officers seems to be, that of flogging them first, and then establishing a Treaty of Peace. If this plan were *morally right*, I do not think it *practicable*; for, as *enemies*, I do not think they will stand to meet us; but, as *friends*, I think we may bring them to a *talk*, if the proper means are adopted. We are here encamped on the ground on which Judge Martin and servant were butchered, and his son kidnapped by them but a few weeks since; and the moment they discover us in a large body, they will presume that we are relentlessly seeking for revenge, and they will probably be very shy of our approach. We are over the Washitta—the "Rubicon is passed." We are invaders of a sacred soil. We are carrying war in our front,—and "we shall soon see, what we shall see."

Great praise is due to Gen. Leavenworth for his early and unremitted efforts to facilitate the movements of the Regiment of Dragoons, by opening roads from Gibson and Towson to this place. We found encamped at this place two companies of Infantry from Fort Towson, who will follow in the rear of the Dragoons as far as necessary, transporting, with wagons, stores and supplies, and ready, at the same time, to co-operate with the Dragoons in case of necessity. General Leavenworth will advance with us from this post, but how far he may proceed is uncertain. We know not exactly the route which we shall take, for circumstances alone must decide that point. We shall probably reach cantonment Leavenworth in the fall, and one thing is *certain* (in the opinion of one who has already seen something of Indian life and country), we shall meet with many severe privations and reach that place a jaded set of fellows, and as ragged as Jack Fallstaff's famous band.

You are no doubt inquiring, who are these Pawnees, Camanches, and Aispahoes, and why not tell us all about them? Their history, numbers and limits are still in obscurity; nothing definite is yet known of them, but I hope I shall soon be able to give the world a clue to them.

If my life and health are preserved, I anticipate many a pleasing scene for my pencil, as well as incidents worthy of reciting to you and the world, which I shall occasionally do as opportunity may occur.

Adieu, yours, &c.

GEO. GATLIN.

Oct 11 1834.

From our Correspondent.

DRAGOON CAMP, on the head of the Canadian, 5th Aug. 1834.

I take unusual pleasure in addressing this short epistle to you at this time and place, on account of the complete and unexpected success which has attended the expedition under the command of Col. Henry Dodge, to the Pawnee and Camanche villages.

The world has been entirely ignorant of the Pawnees, Piets—Kioways and Camanches, but we have rushed forward under the most discouraging circumstances, bearded the lion in his den—and are capable of laying the whole history of them and their country to the world.

The untiring and judicious zeal with which Col. D. has pursued and effected his object, will shed everlasting honor on his name. So much were his numbers reduced by sickness when he arrived at the mouth of False Washitta, two hundred miles from Fort Gibson, that he was enabled to raise out of the whole command but two hundred and fifty able-bodied and effective men. With this small number, and ten days' provisions, we started for the Pawnee Villages. Our route was about N. W. between the Washitta and Red Rivers. On the eighth day of our march we discovered a war party of about fifty Indians whom we, of course, took to be Pawnees. They paraded themselves on an eminence ahead of us, manœuvred about us for some time, evidently afraid of us. The white flag which we raised was understood by them, and at length brought us to an interview and a shake of the hands. Their appearance was thrilling and exciting in the extreme—they were all armed with guns—bows and quivers—shield and lance fourteen feet in length, with blade of four feet.

The beautiful manœuvering and caution with which one of the leaders of them approached us—waving his white robe on the end of his lance in reply to our flag—could neither be described by language nor painting.

Col. Dodge steadily advanced towards him, while both parties in the rear were slowly approaching with the greatest anxiety. A shake of the hands took place, when immediately the whole party of Indians advanced, and a general grasp of the hand was passed round.

They had with them a half breed Spaniard, and luckily for us one of our interpreters could talk with him, by which means we soon learned that they were a band of Camanches. Our views were easily explained to them, and they joined us and conducted us to their village, about two days march. It was constructed of about two hundred skin lodges, averaging perhaps about ten persons to the lodge. We encamped for two days in sight of their village, when our camp was run down with them, and a pretty brisk barter took place for a while for horses, of which I should think they had as many as three thousand, and all of them of the wild horse breed.

This village is situated in one of the sweetest vallies that nature ever formed, under the brow of a long range of stupendous and picturesque mountains, running from S. E. to N. W., and rising in many places, in peaks of

blue, to the height of 1500 to 2000 feet—their summits composed entirely of huge piles of granite rocks, and the vallies entirely of prairies of the richest verdure.

These Camanches treated us with a great deal of friendship, and informed us that they were friends of the Pawnees; that the Pawnee village was but about three days march, and one of them volunteered to pilot us there. So much was the command crippled by their sick that a small fort was erected for them, in which there were left thirty sick, and thirty to take care of and protect them. Under such circumstances, with one hundred and ninety men and one day's provisions, in a country without game, the command started. The route was along the base and through these huge and picturesque cliffs and endless piles of rocks. Immediately at the foot of one of these impassible barriers, and on the banks of the Red River, was found the Phantom Village, presenting one of the most picturesque scenes in the world. The greater part of the Camanche villagers had followed the command to this place; and the Kioways also, who live about sixty or seventy miles distant, and had been apprised of our approach, with a prisoner of their tribe, made their appearance in a formidable body, beautifully dressed and equipped. The little body of one hundred and ninety dragoons were encamped in this place for three days, surrounded by about three thousand warriors, well armed and equipped. A grand council was held in the council house, when Col. Dodge explained to the chiefs the object of his visit to their country. He told them that we had heard of them, but knew little of them—that we wanted to shake hands with them, and make a general peace; that we might trade with them, and supply them with the necessaries of life, &c. We told them that we had brought with us a Pawnee and a Kioway prisoner, whom we had purchased from the Osages.—We made inquiry for Abbethe Ranger, who was taken by them last year. They replied that he had been taken across Red River and put to death. We then inquired for the boy—the son of Judge Martin, whom they had murdered but a few weeks before, near the mouth of Washitta—they denied the deed, and any knowledge of the boy. About this time they brought forward a negro-man, whom they had as a prisoner amongst them.—The negro said that they had the boy secreted. Colonel Dodge then told them that the council should not proceed any further, and that the two prisoners which we had brought, should never be delivered up until they brought forward the boy. They then sent out and brought him in—a beautiful boy, about eight years old. He was brought in entirely naked, and being asked his name, he instantly replied, *Matthew Wright Martin*.—The other prisoners were then handed over to their friends, who recognized them, and received them again into the tribe.

The chiefs rose and embraced Col. Dodge and others of the officers who were about him, in the most affectionate manner. At this very moment the little camp was in a state of starvation, and being about to kill their emaciated horses for subsistence. But the council being

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ended, these hospitable people brought forward and supplied the camp with dried Buffalo, green corn, putopkins and water melons, which they raise in great abundance. Eight or ten of the Kioway chiefs, four of the chiefs of the Pawnees and several of the Camanches were prevailed on to accompany us and the command reached the sick camp by three days march. They were taken along, and a severe march of five days brought us to our present place of encampment—where the country is speckled with Buffalo, and the command have encamped for a few days to dry meat for the remainder of our march. If we succeed in getting into Fort Gibson with the chiefs that are with us, the world will stand ready to bestow upon Col. Dodge the honors he richly deserves for his complete success in so difficult an enterprise and under circumstances so extremely discouraging and embarrassing. The Pawnee village contains about one hundred and seventy lodges, constructed of a frame of poles inside, and the covering of a thatching of grass, very neatly executed, and they have the appearance of comfort and durability. At a distance they have the appearance of a straw bee-hive, and on approaching them near they look more like a haystack. They are all built in a circular form, and are from thirty to forty feet in diameter and from fifteen to twenty feet high—their beds are generally very neatly arranged at equal distances around the sides—and the lodges contain probably about fifteen persons. The Pawnees are by no means a handsome race of Indians—they are generally very dark skin, low of stature, and faces without meaning or beauty—the women, on the other hand, are many of them comely, and some of them as the whole command will attest, exquisitely beautiful. The Kioways are a much more manlike and elegant race of men—taller, lighter skin—more handsomely dressed and more gentlemanly in their deportment, and more meaning in the looks and actions.

The noble range of mountains of which I spoke, which we marched along for eighty or ninety miles, and which could be distinctly seen for sixty more, are, from the information we could get from the Indians, undoubtedly a spur of the Rocky mountains. They tell us that they continue in that direction till they join the great mountains, which are always covered with snow. They are composed entirely of huge masses of granite of a reddish gray, heaped and piled in all the most sublime as well as picturesque forms imaginable. It is just where the Red River breaks through this impassible barrier that the Pawnees have built their invulnerable city. If they were to be driven from their village, they have passes and hiding places by which they could easily escape from any of their enemies—or turn about and give them battle with desperate effect—for the graphic representations of this romantic scenery, the world will be indebted to my friend Mr. Chadwick, a young gentle-

man of St. Louis—of fine taste—who used my sketch book and pencil, I being too much indisposed at the time to use them myself, and also for a more minute and perfect description of this interesting scene as well as of the incidents of our tour, than I could possibly give, the world will be indebted to my friend Lieut. Wheelock, who is preparing a careful journal for publication.

FORT GIBSON, Aug. 18th, 1834.

Since writing the above, we took up our march, and in fifteen days reached this place—it has been tedious and disastrous in the extreme—and to add to our grief we have learned the death of Gen. Leavenworth, who died near the mouth of Washitta; also of Lieutenant McClure, and several of the Dragoons. Almost every man in the Regiment has had his turn with the general epidemic of the country. We dragged along in the most miserable condition to this place; men carried on litters, horses giving out and left by the road side—their riders being obliged to walk; some of the men thrown into wagons which we got at some of our out-posts, and others left at those posts to die or recover as they can. Our retreat was almost as disastrous as Bonaparte's retreat from Moscow; but the success of our expedition more complete. I cannot help but to repeat again in this place that the highest honors are due from his country to Col. Dodge for the unexampled perseverance with which he pursued and completely accomplished his difficult enterprise under circumstances so embarrassing and discouraging.

I regret to say that the Camanches who started to come with us all went back but one, and he is rather Spaniard than Camanche—luckily for me I had painted the likenesses of six or seven of the principal ones which I preserve. The four Pawnee Chiefs and eight or ten Kioway Chiefs we have brought to this place, and they will start in a few days for Washington. The kindness and friendship with which we have been received and treated by these people who have so long been the terror of all this part of the world, proves that social feelings are implanted in the breast of the savage as well as of civilized man, and that they may be called into action and into use if the right way be taken to effect the object.

On our return to this place we found Capt. Wharton and his company, in good condition, who was sent to escort the Santa Fe Traders to the line; he was absent 68 days. He was very near having a brush with the Camanches, who were encamped near the line. A party of them drew out in battle array, but when they saw the quickness and perfect order with which Capt. Wharton drew out his line of disciplined men—they gave way, most of them fired their guns in the air, dismounted, approached him, shook hands, spoke of friendship, &c. &c. and finally drew themselves off without further molestation.

Yours, &c.

Oct. 20, 1834

NEWYORK COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

Monday EVENING, OCTOBER 20

The Committee Room of the General Committee of Whig Young Men, is removed from Concert Hall to Masonic Hall, and will be open daily until after the election.

WHIG CLERKS' PUBLIC MEETING.

The Whig Clerks of the city of New York entitled to vote, are requested to meet at Masonic Hall, to express their opinions in regard to the present political state of the country on TUESDAY EVENING, the 21st inst, at 7 o'clock.

By order of the Executive Committee

H. A. BUCKINGHAM, Chairman

M. WOODCOCK, {
E. T. NEXSEN, { Secretaries

Oct 20. M & T

From our Correspondent.

FORT GIBSON, Sept. 8, 1834

Trusting that a few lines from the western frontier, will at all times be acceptable to you; and supposing, too, that at this time, they would be particularly so, I have ventured to drop you a few words more on the subject of the Pawnees, &c.

Since I wrote my last letter, wherein I gave a very brief account of our campaign, and successful acquaintance with the Camanches, Pawnees, Kioways, &c., we have had a bustling time with the Indians at this place. Col. Dodge sent runners to the chiefs of all the contiguous tribes of Indians, with an invitation to meet the Pawnees, &c. in council, at this place. Seven or eight tribes flocked to us, in great numbers on the first day of the month, when the council commenced; it continued for several days, and gave these semi-civilized sons of the forest a fair opportunity of shaking the hands of their wild and untamed red brethren of the west—of embracing them in their arms with expressions of friendship, and of smoking the calumet together, as the solemn pledge of lasting peace and friendship.

Col. Dodge, Major Armstrong, (the Indian agent,) and General Stokes, (the Indian commissioner,) presided at this council, and I cannot name a scene more interesting and entertaining than it was; where, for several days in succession, free vent was given to the feelings of men civilized, half-civil and wild—where the three stages of man were fearlessly asserting their rights, their happiness, and friendship for each other. The vain orations of the half polished (and half breed,) Cherokees and Choctaws, with all their finery and art, found their match in the brief and jarring gutturals of the wild and naked man.

After the council had adjourned, and the fumes of the peace-making calumet had vanished away, and Colonel Dodge had made them add tional presents, they soon made preparations for their departure, and on the next day started, with an escort of dragoons, for their own country. This movement is much to be regretted, for it would have been exceedingly gratifying to the people of the East to have seen so wild a group, and it would have been of great service to them to have visited Washington,—a journey, though, which they could not be prevailed upon to make.

We brought with us to this place, three of the principal chiefs of the Pawnees, fifteen Kioways, one Camanche, and one Wico chief. The group was undoubtedly one of the most interesting that ever visited our frontier, and, I have taken the utmost pains in painting the portraits of all of them, as well as seven of the Camanche chiefs, who came part of the way with us and turned back. These portraits, together with other paintings which I have made, descriptive of their manners and customs—views of their villages—landscapes of the country, &c., will soon be laid before the amateurs of the East, and, I trust, will be found to be very interesting.

Although the achievement has been a handsome one, of bringing these unknown people to an acquaintance, and a general peace, and at first sight would appear to be of great benefit to them, yet I have my strong doubts whether it will better their condition, unless with the exercised aid of the strong arm of government, they can be protected in the rights which, by nature, they are entitled to.

There is already in this place a company of eighty men fitted out, who are to start to-morrow, to overtake these Indians a few miles from this place, and accompany them home, with a large stock of goods, with traps for catching beaver, &c., calculating to build a trading house amongst them, where they will amass, at once, an immense fortune, being the first traders and trappers that have ever been in that part of the country.

I have travelled too much among Indian tribes, and seen too much, not to know the evil consequences of such a system. Goods are sold at such exorbitant prices, that the Indian gets a mere shadow for his peltries, &c. The trappers and other men in the employment of these traders, are generally the lowest and most debased class of society, who corrupt the morals of the savage without setting them one good example. The Indians see no white people but these, and of course, judge us all by them: they consequently hold us, and always will, in contempt; as inferior to themselves, as they have reason to do, and they neither fear nor respect us. When, on the contrary, if the government would promptly prohibit such establishments, and invite these Indians to our frontier posts, they would bring in their furs, their robes, horses, mules, &c., to this place where there is a good market for them all—where they would get the full value of their property—where there are several stores of goods—where there is an honorable competition, and where they would get four or five times as much for their articles of trade, as they would get from a trader in the village, out of the reach of competition, and out of sight of the civilized world.

At the same time, as they would be continually coming where they would see good and polished society, they would be gradually adopting our modes of living—introducing to their country, our vegetables, our domestic animals, poultry, &c., and at length our arts and manufactures; they would see and estimate our military strength, and advantages, and would be led to fear and respect us. In short it would undoubtedly be the quickest and surest way to a general acquaintance—to friendship and peace, and at last to civilization. If there is a law in existence for such protection of the Indian tribes, which may have been waived in the case of those nations with which we have long traded, it is a great pity that it should not be rigidly enforced in this new and important acquaintance which we have just made with fifteen or twenty thousand strangers to the civilized world. Yet, (as we have learned from their unfeigned hospitality when in their villages,) with hearts of human mould, susceptible of all the noble feelings peculiar to civilized man.

This acquaintance has cost the United States a vast sum of money, as well as the lives of several valuable and esteemed officers, and at least some fifty or sixty of the Dragoons; and for the honor of the American name I think we ought, in forming an acquaintance, with these numerous tribes, to adopt and enforce some different system from that which has been generally practised on and beyond our frontiers heretofore.

What the regiment of Dragoons has suffered from sickness since they started on their summer's campaign is unexampled in this country, and almost incredible.—When we started from this place, ten or fifteen were sent back the first day, too sick to proceed; and so afterwards our numbers were daily diminished, and at the distance of 200 miles from this place we could muster,

Oct 29, 1877.

out of the whole regiment but 250 men who were able to proceed, with which little band, and that again reduced some sixty or seventy by sickness, we pushed on and accomplished all that was done. Since our return, the sick have been brought in by dozens and scores from the points where they had been left, and although the Dragoons who were well enough to leave have all marched off from this post, (some to Leavenworth,—three companies twenty miles distant from this, and three companies to the Des Moines on the Mississippi, to their wintering quarters,) they have left at this place 140 or 50 sick, who are burying two to three and four per day of their numbers. A great many have died, and many more poor fellows must inevitably sink into their graves. The disease seems to be entirely of a bilious nature and contracted by exposure to the sun, and the impurity of the water which in many parts of our route, we were obliged to use. The beautiful and pictured scenes which we passed over had an alluring charm on their surface, but (as it would seem,) a lurking poison within, that spread a gloom about our encampment whenever we pitched it.

We sometimes rode from day to day, without a tree to shade us from the burning rays of a tropical Sun, or a breath of wind to regale us, or cheer our hearts—and with mouths continually parched with thirst, we dipped our drink from stagnant pools that were heated by the sun and kept in fermentation by the wallowing herds of buffalo that resort to them. In this way we dragged on, sometimes passing picturesque and broken country, with fine springs and streams, affording us the luxury of a refreshing shade and a cool draught of water.

The sickness and distress continually about us,

spread a gloom over the camp and marred every pleasure which we might otherwise have enjoyed, for the country abounds, most of the way, with buffalo, deer, turkeys, bear, &c. Bands, too, of the snorting wild horses were almost hourly prancing before us, and I found them to be the wildest and fleetest inhabitant of the prairies of the West. The Pawnees and Camanches take vast numbers of them, but the finest and fleetest of them they cannot catch. I approached several times, very near to these herds without being discovered, and with a good spy-glass examined them with great pleasure; some of them were very handsome, their manes falling almost to the ground, but when we visited the Camanche village, I looked through their almost incredible herds of horses that were grazing about them (perhaps three thousand or near it) for the "splendid," "Arabian," &c. horse, of which I have heard so much at the East, as belonging to that country, but I could see nor hear nothing of it; and I am strongly inclined to think that it is, in a measure, a horse of imagination.

The horses of the Camanches are principally the wild horse, and a great many from the Spanish country.—They are all small and most of them miserable and mean. Several of the best of them were purchased by our officers, and having brought them in, can sell them for sixty or seventy-five dollars only.

In haste, for the present, adieu.

Your friend and servant.

GEO. CATLIN.

, DECEMBER 26, 1835.

N. YORK COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER

Correspondence of the Commercial Adv.

St. PEREAS', Upper Mississippi, Aug. 14.

I have been no correspondent of late for any body, and I beg that you (with other friends) will excuse me for my silence, provided I have been in the habit of giving any pleasure heretofore by my letters.

Having recruited my health during the last winter, in recreation and amusement on the coast of Florida, like a *bird of passage*, I started at the rallying notes of the swan and the wild goose, for the cool and freshness of the north, but the gifted rascals soon left me behind. I found them here, their nests built—their eggs laid—their offspring fledged and figuring in the world before I arrived.

The majestic river from the Balze to the Falls of St. Anthony I have just passed over, with a high wrought mind, filled with amazement and wonder, like other travellers who occasionally leave the stale and profitless routine of the "Fashionable Tour" to gaze with admiration upon the wild and native grandeur and majesty of this great western world. The upper Mississippi like the upper Missouri, must be approached to be appreciated, for all that can be seen on the Mississippi below St. Louis or for several hundred miles above it, gives no hint or clew to the magnificence of the scenes which are continually opening to the view of the traveller and riveting him to the deck of the boat, through sunshine, lightning or rain, from the mouth of the Wisconsin to the Falls of St. Anthony.

The traveller in ascending the river, will see but little of picturesque beauty in the landscape, until he reaches Rock Island, and from that point he will find it growing gradually more interesting until he reaches prairie Du Chien, and from that place until he reaches Lake Pepin every reach and turn in the river presents to his eye a more immense and magnificent scene of grandeur and beauty. From day to day the eye is rivetted in listless tireless admiration upon the thousand bluffs which tower in majesty above the river on either side, and alternate as the river bends, into countless fascinating forms.

The whole face of the country is covered with a luxuriant growth of grass, whether there is timber or not, and these magnificent bluffs, studding the sides of the river, and rising in the forms of immense cones, domes and ramparts, give peculiar pleasure from the deep and soft green in which they are clad up their broad sides and to their extreme tops with a carpet of grass, with spots and clusters of timber of a deeper green, and apparently in many places, arranged in orchards and pleasure grounds by the hands of art. These beautiful scenes will remain for ages unchanged and unchangeable, and when this becomes the *fashionable tour*, the world will become familiar with the phrase which rings continually in the ears of the gazing passengers of every boat, as they are alternately thronging to one side of the deck and then to the other, with looks and exclamations of wonder and delight, and the Captain soothingly exclaims (unless out of patience) "Gentlemen please stand on 't'other side; trim boat, trim boat!"

The scenes that are passed between Prairie Du Chien and St. Peter's including Lake Pepin, between whose magnificently turretted shores one passes for twenty-two miles, will amply reward the tourist for the time and expense of a visit to them. And to him or her of too little relish for nature's rude works to profit as he has passed,

there will be found a redeeming pleasure at the mouth of St. Peter's and the Falls of St. Anthony.

This scene has been often described and I leave it for the world to come and gaze for themselves, recommending to the world at the same time, to denominate the next "fashionable tour" a trip to St. Louis, thence by steam boat (which can be had every week with good fare and good cheer provided you find Capt. Throgmorton) to Rock Island, Galena, Dubuque, Prairie Du Chien, Lake Pepin, St. Peter's, Falls of St. Anthony, back to Prairie Du Chien, from thence to Fort Winnebago, Green Bay, Mackinaw, Sault de St. Mary, Detroit, Buffalo, Niagara, and home. This tour would comprehend but a small part of the great "Far West," but it will furnish to the traveller a fair sample, and being a part of it which is now made so easily accessible to the world, and being the only part of it to which *Ladies* can have access, I would recommend to all who have time and inclination to devote to the enjoyment of so splendid a tour, to wait not, but make it while the subject is new and capable of producing the greatest degree of pleasure. To the world at large, this trip is one of unsurpassable interest—to the artist it has a double relish, and to me still farther inducements, inasmuch as many of the tribes of Indians which I have met with, furnish manners and customs which have awakened my enthusiasm, and furnished me interesting materials for my gallery.

In addition, also, to the abovenamed inducements, there are many interesting articles of Indian manufacture to be procured in this country, so that the debutant who wishes to make his entree to a masquerade, or a Wistar party, can here rig himself out in the style he pleases, and the devotee who sighs to hang a precious jewel upon the snow-white neck of his fair enchantress, can pick it up with his own hal-lowed fingers, from Pepin's pebbly shore or "Wah-be-shah's prairie," and bring it from its untempting obscurity to glow upon the neck of innocence and beauty.

But, reader, take a hint (from one who learned it too late for his own benefit) if thou wouldst procure Indian curiosities, offer not to pay for them, but beg. Say "that's a beautiful thing—very beautiful indeed—Oh how that would please my daughter—that's a splendid pipe—a magnificent bow and quiver—Oh, by zounds, I must have them"—Or, get some one on board of the steamboat, (which is always a simple thing) to report you the richest man in —; worth a million of dollars.—It will do no harm to beg then—it's fashionable, and is the best way—to act the *rog* and keep the whole time half drunk, taking partly by force, is a tolerable way, but rather difficult to act. "That's a splendid agate, my dear sir. I'll take it—I must have it—you can procure enough more of them"—"that slate of porphyry is a magnificent thing—you'll never do any thing with it—I'll keep it to remember you by, and have a snuff-box made of it."

But lovers! this way is *mercenary*, and for you without the sacred sentiment. You must lounge solitary and alone, like a Zealand penguin along the pebbly beach of "Point du Sables," with thoughts and soul upon your Cleopatra, throwing aside every alluring gem that tempts your fingers, until you find the *faultless one*, whose colours please and fill your eye—look not farther, but come home contented, for one such is better than a thousand. Lose it not, but get it richly and worship it.

The fourth of July was hailed and celebrated by us, at St. Peter's, in an unusual and not uninteresting manner. With the presence of several hundred

DEC. 26, 1835

of the wildest of the Chippeway and one hundred and fifty of Sioux, we were prepared with material in abundance for the novel—for the wild and grotesque, as well as for the grave and ludicrous. Maj. Taliaferro, the Indian agent, to aid my views in procuring sketches of manners and customs, represented to them that I was a great *medicine* (mystery) man, who had visited and witnessed the sports of a vast many Indians of different tribes, and had come to see whether the Sioux and Chippeways were equal in a ball play, &c. to their neighbors, and that if they would come in the next day (fourth of July) and give us a ball play and some of their dances in best style, he would have the big gun fired twenty-one times, about the middle of the day (the customary salute for that day,) which they easily construed into a compliment to themselves. This, with still stronger inducements, a barrel of flour—a quantity of pork and tobacco, which I gave them, brought the scene about on the day of independence, as follows:—About 11 o'clock the next day (the usual time for Indians to make their appearance on any great occasion) the young men who were enlisted for ball play made their appearance on the ground, with ball sticks in hand—with no other dress on than the flap, and attached to a girdle or ornamental sash, a tail, extending nearly to the ground, made of the choicest arrangement of quills and feathers, or of the hair of white horses' tails. After an excited and warmly contested play for two hours, they adjourned to a place in front of the agent's office, where they entertained us for two or three hours longer with a continued variety of their most fanciful and picturesque dances. They gave us the beggar's dance—the buffalo dance—the bear dance—the eagle dance—and dance of the braves. This last is peculiarly beautiful and exciting to the feelings in the highest degree.

At intervals they stop and one of them steps into the ring and vociferates as loud as possible, with the most significant gesticulation, the feats of bravery which he has performed during his life—he boasts of the scalps he has taken—of the enemies he has vanquished, and at the same time carries his body through all the motions and gestures which had been used during these scenes when they were transacted. At the end of his boasting all assent to the truth of his story and give in their approbation by the guttural "waugh!" and the dance again commences—At the next interval another makes his boast and another and another, and so on.

During this scene, a little trick was played on in the following manner, which produced much amusement and laughter. A woman of goodly size, and in woman's attire, danced into the ring, (which seemed to excite some surprise, as women are never allowed to join in the dance) and commenced waving the air, and boasting of the astonishing feats of bravery she had performed—of the incredible number of horses she had stolen—of the scalps she had taken, &c. &c. until her boasts surpassed all that had ever been heard of—sufficient to put all the warriors who had boasted, to the blush. They all gave assent, however, to what she had said, and apparently, credence, too, and to reward her extraordinary feat of female prowess, they presented to her a kettle, a cradle, beads, ribbons, &c. After getting her presents, and placing them safely in the hands of another woman for safe keeping, she com-

menced disrobing herself, and almost instantly divesting herself of a loose dress, in the presence of the whole company, came out in a soldier's coat and pantaloons, and laughed at them excessively for their mistake. She commenced dancing and making her boasts of her exploits, assuring them that she was a man, and a great brave. They all gave unqualified assent to this, acknowledged their error, and made her other presents of a gun, a horse, of tobacco, and a war club. After her boasts were done, and the presents secured as before, she deliberately threw off the pantaloons and coat, and presented herself at once, and to their great astonishment and confusion, in a beautiful woman's dress. The tact with which she performed these parts, so universally pleased, that it drew forth thundering applause from the Indians, as well as from the spectators; and the chief stepped up and crowned her head with a beautiful plume of the eagle's quill rising from a crest of the swan's down. My wife, who was travelling this part of the country with me, was a spectator of these scenes, as well as the ladies and officers of the garrison, whose polite hospitality we are at this time enjoying.

Several days after this, the plains of St. Peter's and St. Anthony rang with the continual sounds of drums and rattles in time with the thrilling yell of the dance until it had doubly ceased to be novelty. General Patterson of Philadelphia, and his family arrived about this time, however, and a dance was got up for their amusement, and it proved to be one of an unusual kind and interesting to all. Considerable preparation was made for the occasion and the Indians informed me that if they could get a couple of dogs that were of no use about the garrison, they would give us their favorite, the "Dog Dance." The two dogs were soon produced by the officers, and in presence of the whole assemblage of spectators, they butchered them and placed their two livers entire and uncooked, on a couple of crotches about as high as a man's face. The livers were then cut into strips about an inch in width, and left hanging in this condition. A spirited dance then ensued and in a confused manner every one sung forth his own deeds of bravery in ejaculatory gutturals which were almost deafening, and they danced up two at a time to the stakes, and after spitting several times upon the liver, caught a piece of it in their mouths, bit it off and swallowed it. This is all done without losing the step which is in time to their music or interrupting the times of their voices. Each and every one of them in this wise bit off and swallowed a piece of the livers until they were demolished with the exception of the two last pieces which a couple of them carried in their mouths, and communicated to the mouths of the two musicians who swallowed them. This is one of the most important dances amongst the Sioux, though by no means the most beautiful or most pleasing. The Beggar's Dance, the Discovery Dance, and the Eagle Dance are far more graceful and agreeable. The Dog Dance is one of distinction, inasmuch as it can only be danced by those who have taken scalps from the enemy's heads, and come forward boasting that they killed their enemy in battle, and swallowed a piece of his heart in the same manner.

More anon

GEORGE CATLIN

SEPT 19, 1836.

N. Y. COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

Tuesday Evening, September 19.

Correspondence of Commercial Advertiser.

RED PIPE STONE. COTEAU DES 2
PRAIRIES, 2d Sept. 1836.

This day, which has just commenced, is Sunday, according to our records of time: and if it be so, the din of church bells is over and the good people of New York are quietly seated in church, though the splendid orb that looks down full and glowingly upon them, is at this moment but glancing his first golden rays over the velvet surface of this giant mound, from which it would seem that our lengthened shadows would stretch over the prairies to the mouth of Yellow Stone, or to the Rocky Mountains.

We have done nought this day, as yet, but rise from our slumbers, (having shaken off the dew,) and sit cross-legged at our simple repast of jerked buffalo and coffee prepared and served up by mine ever alert and cheerful companion, Batiste. The cloth having been removed, (or rather, we having removed ourselves to a spot of fresh and clean grass, leaving Batiste at work at the odds and ends of our breakfast,) I have begun to memorandum you again, and you must pardon me if I fill up a portion of this letter, or even the whole of it, with the gossip of last evening, instead of matter of more weight and interest, which will all come in its place.

I write down information as it comes, and incidents as they happen, and this little seeming nonsense will be found in the end, to be of service to those who would read and understand the sequel.

I spoke of last night's "gossip." Well, yesterday was a fair day, and we used it to great advantage. We examined the thousand hieroglyphics—the *Wacons*, the *Manitous*, the *Wah-rooh-tees*, and the *Kuh-kee-Wah-rooh-tees*. We saw the "medicine rocks," the "leaping rock," and all the other additions to this strange place. And when night had brought us to our bivouac, and fatigue had laid us at an early hour on our pallets, we found ourselves in the following positions. Mons. La Tromboise and myself had spread our bear skins along side of and near each other, and Mr. Wood, to get a softer and more genial foundation, had spread his robe upon the grass a few paces distant. And Batiste, (sex abundantia cautela, or otherwise,) had taken a position on the solid rock, half way between us and the brink or summit of the perpendicular precipice. I was Batiste's nearest neighbor, and when my buffalo robe was thrown over me—with my gun and pistols in my arms, according to the custom of the country—and we looking at the moon, and the stars, I naturally said, "Well, Batiste, this seems like old times?"

Oui, Monsieur. I tink pretty much some ting like de Yel Stone—ha? exact.

I feel very tired, Batiste. I shall surely sleep well to-night. It is hard work climbing up and down these rocks in so many places as we have done today, and into so many nooks and crevices. I am exceedingly fatigued.

Et moi, Monsieur. Some strange place about here—ha?

Yes, Batiste, strange indeed. Did you piquet our horses safely, do you think?

Oui, Monsieur. Safe—except (suppose) le gris—the grey—he is hobble—he will not go—et les autres, ils sont saufs; dey are piquet.

And your gun—did you see that it was in good order?

Oui, Monsieur—he is sure fire. Oui, Monsieur, I av attend to all. Now for witch—ha? Strange place—some witch to-night—ha? suppose—ha?

Oh no, Batiste; you Frenchmen are more afraid

of witches than any people I ever saw; you are as superstitious as the Indians themselves.

Well, I am satisfaction. You know, Monsieur Catiline, it est illeque les witches have fear to come on rock, ha?

Well, then, I suppose you have fixed your bed upon a rock?

Oui suppose—mais—look! ha? I am safe, ha?

Yes, Batiste, I will engage you shall be safe there; but I think you had better bring your skin here, and lie by the side of us. You have chosen one of the hardest parts of the rock there.

Nezare mind, Monsieur; not much difference.—I shall be tough. I have not fear—mais—suppose it is one great medicine place. I am hear from de Indians much stories about dis place—and, pour moi, I feel a leet excite, ha?

Well, Batiste, we are going to propose, to-morrow morning, after breakfast, that you crawl into the two ovens under the two medicine rocks, and see if you can find the two squaws who, the Indians tell us, dwell under them, as the guardian spirits of the place.

Nezare—nezare, Monsieur—excusez—pardon—je suis, I am curieux to be sure—mais pas besoin—'tis only story of witch—no squaw dare, ha?

Ah, Batiste, I see you are afraid.

Non Monsieur; je n'ai pas peur—mais, excusez, excusez s'il vous plait—Gentilmen, je vous prie—let us talk of something else, wen we are go to slips. I do not like much for to dream of witch—of diab'e.

Well, Batiste, we will let you off, but you must jump upon the medicine rock and back again tomorrow morning, and we will proclaim the feat to the world; and if you fall and dash your brains out, we will engage to have your name enrolled among the famous dead who have fallen in the attempt: and we will give you honorable burial, and erect a very pretty little mound over your grave, along side of those we were looking at today, whose occupants lost their lives in the same way. You must leap to it and place a quill by the side of the arrows that we saw standing in the crevice. What say you, Batiste?

Ha?

I asked you what you say to this proposition?

Ha? I was slip—I am not hear—

Oh, well Batiste, I see you are too much fatigued.

Oui, Monsieur, fatigue—fat—

You told us the story of the medicine bag the other day, which amused us very much, and—

Oui! ha, ha! de medicine bag!

Oh lie down, Batiste, you are sleepy.

Non! non Monsieur—pardon!—I can keep wake, ha? You have hear how I went for medicine bag, and now you want me to go for medicine woman, ha? Pardon, Monsieur Cataline—pardon!

No, no, Batiste, I have given that point up for to-night, and I was about to tell you and these gentlemen a story, but you are too sleepy.

Non, non, monsieur, I am wake—I shall be wide wake—mais, suppose dere is no medicine bag in him I point de diablerie!

No, Batiste, not much, there is a little, however, at the end of it.

N'importe—n'importe—commencez.

You had better lie down, Batiste.

Pardon Monsieur—I shall fall sleep—so I shall stand up—commencez.

Well Batiste, the story that I was going to tell was about the "Pigeon's Egg Head," a brave of the Assiniboins; but there is rather too much medicine about it for you to hear to-night, and it being one of the best stories that you will ever hear me tell, I must omit it until to-morrow morning, and entertain you at present with a funny little affair that happened a few years since, in my presence, on the upper

SENT 19, 1836.

Missouri river.

Bien, bien, I shall be delight! oh I love much de Missouri—ch bien—well—

The circumstance I allude to was one that took place with a Frenchman, who got himself into a laughable condition one day, in the following manner. While descending that river in a canoe, about three years ago, with two men, we had stopped to cook and eat our breakfast on the bank—when one of them, a very polite and good natured Frenchman, returned from a little excursion into the timber, in search of something to eat, with his face as white as a cloth, and his eyes almost starting out of their sockets, avowing that he had found a bee-tree, and that we should have honey in abundance! The Frenchman took the axe from the canoe, and the "tin kettle," and made his exit for the sweet plunder, singing—"beaucoup de miel—beaucoup de miel, mes amis," leaving me to dress the fish and cook the breakfast.

Well, this little Frenchman, who I had laid off his coat, and left it in the canoe, had been absent about fifteen minutes, when the poor fellow's cries, and shouts, and groans, echoing through and filling the whole wood with—"Monsieur Cataline! Bogard! Monsieur Cataline! oh I am die! venez—venez ici! vite, vite! oh diable des abeilles!"

Bogard had gone at this time in pursuit of some buffalo, and I instantly seized my rifle and slipped my pistols into my belt, and knife and tomahawk also, thinking that the least enemy I had to encounter for the rescue of the poor Frenchman, would be a grisly bear in all his fury; and putting forth with all possible speed, through vines and jungle that almost tore my clothes into strings, I was soon upon the spot, and to my utter astonishment, beheld the little Frenchman quite in the top of a large oak tree, making a great clatter among the branches, and continually slapping his sides and naked shoulders with the flat of his hand, with grunts and exclamations of anguish and distress.

I hallooed to him, announcing my arrival and readiness to assist him; and on inquiring what was the matter, he replied (in accents as quick as lightning, and his voice raised to a pitch that was almost convulsive,)

Mattare ha!—ha?—voici! voila! (peugh!) de bee!—I am surround (peugh!) oh I would be satisfy if I was to hell (peugh!) oh, Monsieur Cataline, what will be done! I shall die!—I cannot come down (peugh!)

In this most unpleasant predicament was the Frenchman perched—higher he could not go, nor descend, for the swarm were all rallied about their live, and ready to take his life had he attempted to pass by them down the trunk. I saw no way of assisting the poor fellow, who was now suffering every thing but death in his unfortunate condition, into which it seems he had got in the following manner:

—He had clambered cautiously up the tree, with the axe and the tin kettle in his hand, and when, within reach of the hole where the bees entered their dwelling, he stopped it with a bunch of leaves, and passed up, and landed himself in a large crotch of the tree a few feet above. Here he could stand secure, and had made his calculations how to stand and destroy the swarm as they came out, by

burning off their wings, and afterward to chop into the tree and take out the honey. In this position he stood, and having pounded upon the trunk of the tree for some time with the head of the axe, to rally them and call them all forth, he had taken a part of his shirt and fastened it to the end of a little pole and set fire to it, and then pulled out the little plug of leaves—

(Pardon, Monsieur—no shirt—not de shirt—mais—but some bark of de birch—some birch bark.)

And he then took fright, or something like it, and cleared himself into the top of the tree, where—

(By gar, he is too bad! Now I will make de story short. I was dere—I was on de spot! Now you shall not laugh, ha? I was de "leet Frenchman!" "de poor leet Frenchman," ha? I can tell him all exact as he has take place—bien—I am not take my shirt first! I am not such fool quite. Mais, le dernier, pour le dernier—(Tell it in English, Batiste.)—I had fix some bark of de birch on de leet stick, very well, plenty, but wen I av got him in blaze, and reach him down pretty careful by de hole, and make push at de leaves and ope de leet door, by gar dey do come out pretty plenty, and de birch bark has drop out of de leet hole, and fall to the ground all in blaze!! At pretty bad time, ha?—rascalité villain!—suppose—de leet abeilles av come out of de house pretty fast! I was bien mortifié—mais, I was not discourage—j'avais le confiance.—(English, Batiste, English)—Well, I was out in de crotch pretty secure, leet above—pardon, Monsieur Wood, pour-quoi do you laugh—you seem very much please, ha?

Well Batiste, my good fellow, you must pardon me for laughing, for to save my life I could not help it. I was imagining how ridiculous a figure you must have cut.

Well, Monsieur, you may laugh, I suppose it was very pleasant.

Well! I was in de crotch, and dey come out pretty fast, and I av den come to le dernier, to be sure—I av put piece of my shirt on de pole, and get him in blaze, and put him to de hole: he is kill many—and I av put some more, and den some more, 'till in fact I av burn all my shirt to be sure! mais! but de bark of de birch first, and den de shirt! and at last you see, Monsieur Wood, dey av not stop run, ha? big stream yet come out of de hole!—ten thousand av found me out up in in de crotch, and begin to sting! den I av begin to find some trouble. Diable! I am clinch very fast, and I am surround! mais, I am not quite dead—nor "poor leet Frenchman" yet, for I hop off, you see, to another tree—and come down as you see, and dere may be somesing good pour rire, pour laugh, mais, suppose I cannot see him.

Well, Batiste, you must excuse us for laughing—did you and Mr. Catlin get your honey at last?

Pardon, Monsieur, no; de woods was every where swarm pretty full of de leet dam bee, and we do come away.

Well, Batiste, that's a pretty good story, and I only wish I knew whether it was true or not?

True! Monsieur Wood? Not true! sacré! is dere not Monsieur Catline—did he not see, ha?

Ah well, I suppose it was so—

"Suppose, ha! diable de "suppose!"—ch bien. Well, Batiste, I see you are going to sleep.

Non! Monsieur, non!

GEORGE CATLIN.

SEPT. 30, 1837.

N. Y. COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

Saturday Evening, September 30.

Correspondence of Commercial Advertiser.

RED PIPE STONE, COTEAU DES
PRAIRIES, 3d Sept. 1836. }

Well, Batiste, I promised last night, as you were going to sleep, that I would tell you a story this morning, did I not?

Oui, monsieur—oui—De "Pigeon's Egg Head."

Well, now you shall hear the story of the "Pigeon's Egg Head." The Indian name of this man, (being its literal translation into the Assiniboin language) was Wi-jun-jon—

Wat!—comment! By gar—(pardon) not Wi-jun-jon le frere de ma douce Wee-ne-on-ka—fils du chef Assiniboin? But excusez—go on, s'il vous plait.

Wi-jun-jon, the Pigeon's Egg Head, was a brave and a warrior of the Assiniboin—young—proud, handsome, valiant, and graceful. He had fought many a battle and won many a laurel. The numerous scalps from his enemies' heads adorned his dress, and his claims were fair and just, for the highest honor that his country could bestow upon him, for his father was chief of the nation.

Le meme, de same—mon frere—mon ami! Bien I am compose; go on Monsieur.

Well, this young Assiniboin, the "Pigeon's Egg Head" was selected by Major Sanford, the Indian agent, to represent his tribe in a delegation which visited Washington city under his charge in the winter of 1832. With this gentleman the Assiniboin, together with representatives from several other of those North Western tribes, descended the Mississippi river, on their way to Washington. I was in St. Louis at the time of their arrival, and painted their portraits while they rested in that place. Wi-jun-jon was the first who reluctantly yielded to the solicitations of the Indian agent and myself, and appeared as sullen as death in my painting room, with eyes fixed like those of a statue upon me, though his pride had plumed and tinted him in all the freshness and brilliancy of an Indian's toilette. In his nature's uncowering pride he stood a perfect model; but superstition had hung a lingering curve upon his lip, and pride had stiffened it in contempt. He had been urged into a measure against which his tears had pleaded, yet he stood unmoved and unflinching, amid the struggle of mysteries that were hovering about him, foreboding ills of every kind, and misfortunes that were to happen to him, in consequence of this operation.

He was dressed in his native costume, which was classic and exceedingly beautiful; his leggings and shirt were of the mountain goat skin, richly garnished with quills of the porcupine, and fringed with locks of scalps, taken from his enemies' heads. Over these floated his long hair in plaits, that fell nearly to the ground; his head was decked with the eagle's plume; his robe was of the skin of the young buffalo bull, richly garnished and emblazoned with the battles of his life; his quiver and bow were slung, and his shield of the skin of the bull's neck.

I painted him in this beautiful dress, and so also the others who were with him; and after I had done, Major Sanford went on to Washington with them, where they spent the winter.

Wi-jun-jon was the foremost on all occasions—the first to enter the levee—the first to shake the President's hand, and make his speech to him—the last to extend the hand to them, but the first to catch the smiles and admiration of the gentler sex. He travelled the giddy maze, and beheld, amid the buzzing din of civil life, their tricks of art, their handiworks, and their finery; he visited their

principal cities, he saw their forts, their ships, their great guns, steamboats, balloons, &c. &c. and in the spring returned to St. Louis, when I joined him and his companions, on their way back to their own country.

Through the politeness of the American Fur Company, I was admitted (the only passenger except Captain Sanford and his Indians) to a passage in their steamerboat, on her first trip to the Yellow Stone, and when I had embarked, and the boat was about to depart, Wi-jun-jon made his appearance on deck in a full suit of regimentals! He had in Washington exchanged his beautifully garnished and classic costume for a full dress "en militaire." It was perhaps presented to him by the President.—It was of the finest blue, trimmed with lace of gold; on his shoulders were mounted two immense epaulettes; his neck was strangled with a shining black stock, and his feet were pinioned in a pair of waterproof boots, with high heels, which made him step like a "yoked hog."

On his head was a high crowned beaver hat, with a broad silver lace band, surmounted by a huge red feather some two feet high; his coat-collar, stiff with lace, came higher up than his ears, and over it flowed, down to his haunches, his long Indian locks, stuck up in rolls and plaits, with red paint. A large silver medal was suspended from his neck by a blue ribbon, and across his right shoulder passed a wide belt, supporting by his side a broad sword. On his hands he had drawn a pair of white kid gloves, and in them held, a blue umbrella in one, and a large fan in the other. In this fashion was poor Wi-jun-jon metamorphosed, on his return from Washington, and in this plight was he strutting and whistling Yankee Doodle about the deck of the steamer that was wending its way up the mighty Missouri, and taking him to his native land again; where he was soon to light his pipe and cheer the wig-wam fireside, with tales of novelty and wonder.

I travelled with this new fangled gentleman until he reached his home, 2000 miles above St. Louis, and I could never look upon him for a moment without excessive laughter at the ridiculous figure he cut—the strides, the angles, the stiffness of this travelled beau! Oh Batiste, if you could have seen him you would have split your sides with laughter; he was "puss in boots" precisely.

By gar, he is good compare! Ha, ha, monsieur, pardon, I am laugh; I am see him wen he is arrive in Yel. Stone; you know I was dere. I am laugh much wen he has got off de boat, and all de Assiniboin were dere to look. Oh diable! I am laugh almost to die. Suppose he was pretty stiff, ha? Oh, by gar, he is good pour laugh.

After Wi-jun-jon had got home, and passed the usual salutations among his friends, he commenced the simple narration of scenes he had passed through, and of things he had beheld among the whites, which appeared to them so much like fiction that it was impossible to believe them, and they set him down as an impostor. He has been, they said, among the whites, who are great liars, and all he has learned is to come home and tell lies. He sank rapidly into disgrace in his tribe; his high claims to political eminence all vanished; he was reputed worthless—the greatest liar of his nation; the chiefs shunned him, and passed him by as one of the tribe who was lost; yet the ears of the gossiping portion of the tribe were open, and the camp-fire circle and the wig-wam fireside gave silent audience to the whispered narratives of the "travelled Indian."

The next day after he had arrived among his friends, the superfluous part of his coat, (which was a laced frock), was converted into a pair of leggings for his wife; and his hat band of silver lace furnished a magnificent pair of garters. The remainder of the coat, curtailed of its original length, was seen

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buttoned upon the shoulders of his brother, over and above a pair of leggins of buckskin; and Wi-jun-jon was parading about among his gaping friends, with a bow and quiver slung over his shoulders, which, sans coat, exhibited a fine linen shirt with studs and sleeve buttons. His broad-sword kept its place, but about noon his boots gave way to a pair of garished moccasins; and in such plight he gossiped away the day among his friends, while his heart spoke so freely and so effectually from the bung-hole of a little keg of whiskey, which he had brought the whole way, (as one of the choicest presents made him at Washington), that his tongue became silent.

One of his little fair enamoras, or catch-crums, such as live in the halo of all great men, fixed her eyes and her affections upon his beautiful silk suspenders, and the next day, while the keg was yet dealing out its kindnesses, he might be seen paying visits to the lodges of his old acquaintances, swagging about, with his keg under his arm, whistling Yankee Doodle and Washington's Grand March; his white shirt, or that part of it that had been flapping in the wind, had been shockingly tithed—his pantaloons of blue, laced with gold, were razed into a pair of comfortable leggins—his bow and quiver were slung, and his broad-sword, which trailed on the ground, had sought the centre of gravity and taken a position between his legs, and dragging behind him, served him as a rudder to steer him over the earth's troubled surface.

Two days revel of this kind, had drawn from his keg all its charms; and in the mellowness of his heart, all his finery had vanished, and all of its appendages, except his umbrella, to which his heart's strongest affections clung, and with it, and under it, in rude dress of buckskin, he was afterwards to be seen, in all sorts of weather, acting the tip and the beau as well as he could, with his limited means. In this plight, and in this dress, with his umbrella always in his hand, (as the only remaining evidence of his quondam greatness) he began, in his sober moments, to entertain and instruct his people, by honest and simple narratives of things and scenes he had beheld during his tour to the east, but which, (unfortunately for him) were to them too marvellous and improbable to be believed. He told the gaping multitude, that were constantly gathering about him, of the distance he had travelled—of the astonishing number of houses he had seen—of the towns and cities, with all their wealth and splendor—of travelling on steamboats, in stages, and on railroads. He described our forts, and seventy-four gun ships, which he had visited—their big guns—our great bridges—our great council-house at Washington, and its doings—the curious and wonderful machines in the patent-office, (which he pronounced the greatest medicine place he had seen); he described the great war parade, which he saw in the city of New York—the ascent of the balloon from Castle Garden—the numbers of the white people—the beauty of the white squaws—their red cheeks, and many thousands of other things, all of which were so much beyond their comprehension, that they could not be true, and he must be the very greatest liar in the whole world.

But he was beginning to acquire a reputation of a different kind. He was denominated a medicine man, and one too, of the most extraordinary character; for they deemed him far above the ordinary sort of human beings, whose mind could invent and conjure up for their amusement such an ingenious fabrication of novelty and wonder. He steadily and unostentatiously persisted, however, in this way of entertaining his friends and his people, though he knew his standing was affected by it. He had an ex-

haustless theme to descant upon through the remainder of his life; and he seemed satisfied to lecture all his life, for the pleasure which it gave him. So great was his medicine however, that they began, chiefs and all, to look upon him as a most extraordinary being, and the customary honors and forms began to be applied to him, and the respect shown him that belongs to all men in the Indian country, who are distinguished for their medicine or their mysteries. In short, when all became familiar with the astonishing representations that he made, and with the wonderful alacrity with which he created them, he was denominated the very greatest of medicine, and not only that, but the lying medicine. That he should be the greatest of medicine, and that for lying merely, rendered him a prodigy in mysteries that commanded not only respect, but at length, (when he was more maturely heard and listened to) admiration, awe, and at last, dread and terror, which altogether must needs conspire to rid the world of a monster, whose more than human talents must be cut down to less than human measurement.

What! Monsieur Catiline, dey av not try to kill him?

Yes, Batiste, in this way the poor fellow had lived, and been for three years past continually relating the scenes he had beheld, in his tour to the far East, until his medicine became so alarmingly great that they were unwilling he should live; they were disposed to kill him for a witch. One of the young men of his tribe took the duty upon himself, and after much perplexity hit upon the following plan, to wit; he had fully resolved, in conjunction with others, who were in the conspiracy, that the medicine of Wi-jun-jon was too great for the ordinary mode, and that he was so great a liar that a rifle bullet would not kill him; while the young man was in this distressing dilemma, which lasted for some weeks, he had a dream one night, which solved all difficulties; and in consequence of which he loitered about the store in the fort, at the mouth of the Yellow Stone, until he could procure by stealth, according to the injunction of his dream, the handle of an iron pot, which he supposed to possess the requisite virtue, and taking it into the woods he there spent a whole day in straightening and filing it to fit into the barrel of his gun, after which he made his appearance again in the fort, with his gun in his hand, charged with the pot-handle, and getting behind the poor Wi-jun-jon, placed the muzzle behind his head and blew out his brains!

Sacré vengeance! oh mon Dieu! let me cry—I shall cry always, for evare—Oh he is not true, I hope?

Yes, Batiste, it is a fact: thou have ended the days and the greatness, and all the pride and hopes of Wi-jun-jon, the Pigeon's Egg Head—a warrior and a brave of the valiant Assiniboins, who travelled eight thousand miles to see the President, and all the great cities of the civilized world, and who, for telling the truth, and nothing but the truth, was, after he got home, disgraced and killed for a wizzard.

Now, my friend Batiste, I see you are distressed, and I regret exceedingly that it must be so: he was your friend and relative, and I myself feel sad at the poor fellow's unhappy and luckless fate: for he was a handsome, an honest, and a noble Indian.

This man's death, Batiste, has been a loss to himself, to his friends, and to the world; but you and I may profit by it, nevertheless, if we bear it in mind—

Oui! yes, Monsieur—mais—suppose—'tis "bad wind dat blows nary way"—ha?

We may call it a caution; for instance, when I come to write your book, the fate of this poor fellow, who was relating no more than what he actually saw,

will caution you against the imprudence of telling all that you actually know, and narrating all that you have seen, lest like him you sink into disgrace for telling the truth. You know, Batiste, that there are many things to be seen in the kind of life that you and I have been living for some years past, which would be more prudent for us to suppress than to tell.

Oui, Monsieur. Well—suppose—perhaps I am discouraged about de book. Mais—we shall see, ha?

Adieu, GEORGE CATLIN.

Daily National Intelligencer, Wash., DC

25 June 1833
3:3

GEORGE CATLIN, Esq., the painter, who has just performed "a tour through the vast and wild regions of Upper Missouri," has made some interesting communications to the New York Commercial Advertiser. The annexed extracts are passages of his latest from St. Louis:

"This is a vast country of green fields, where the men are all red—where meat is the staff of life—where no laws but those of honor are known—where the oak and the pine give way to the cotton wood and peccan—where the buffalo range, the elk, mountain sheep, and the fleet bounding antelope—where the magpie and chattering paroquettes supply the place of the red breast and blue bird—where wolves are white and bears grizzly—where pheasants are hens of the prairie, and frogs have horns—where the rivers are yellow, and white men are turned savages in heart. Through the whole of this strange land the dogs are all wolves—women all slaves—men all lords."

"In traversing these vast wilds, it gave me great satisfaction to find nearly all the savage tribes on the Upper Missouri, and its tributaries, to the Rocky Mountains, enjoying the comforts of life to a great degree, in a climate delightful and healthy, and a country abounding in most parts with game, which supplies them with a plenty of food; being supplied by the American Fur Company with arms, ammunition, and other necessities of life, for which they pay in furs and peltries on the return from their long hunts. Since they have learned the use of fire arms, clothes, &c. it has become necessary to furnish them with these articles annually, to prevent them from going to the British Company, who stand ready to supply them and monopolize the fur trade in our own country, and cultivate an influence over them extremely dangerous to our frontiers."

Liberty and Union, Now and Forever, One and
Inseparable."

MILITARY REGULATION.

The regulation, though it is for the first time published in the following article, has been for some days past the subject of conversation. Since it has been disclosed, from a source doubtless authentic, we copy it, with the comments of the New York Commercial Advertiser and its correspondent. It is a question concerning which we easily conceive much may be said on both

THE N. Y. COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER OF SATURDAY.

THE ARMY.—A subscriber requests the publication of the following paragraph, of an order lately published from the War Department, to wit:

The practice which has so extensively prevailed, of officers of the Army visiting the Rest of Government, has been injurious to the public service. The evil of this practice has been not only in withdrawing officers from their proper stations, but frequently in its effect upon the business of the Army, and upon public opinion. There are no benefits to individuals which can outweigh the disadvantages of this indiscriminate interference. Where such visits are necessary for the public service, or for any just right of the individual concerned, they will be authorized; nor will reasonable consideration for the gratification of laudable curiosity be refused, where the circumstances of appointment are so proper, and where the public interest will not suffer. But of the propriety of these the General-in-Chief will judge; and therefore no officer will visit the seat of Government unless ordered, or unless specially permitted so to do by the General-in-Chief. An officer, however, may pass through the Seat of Government when on duty, or on leave of absence, provided it is the most direct route to his place of destination; but, in such case, he will report to present himself to the Adjutant General, and not remain more than 24 hours.

We have lately seen the orders issued by, and receiving the sanction of, the Secretary of War, published in the newspapers; but this order not having appeared, it is not justice to the officers, that their prescriptions and regulations should become public. There are about one sixth of the officers of the Army detailed for duty, and stationed at Washington. The other five-sixths are, by the order, a proscribed class of the citizens of the United States, not permitted to visit the Seat of Government, of whom, particularly the senior officers; have shown their devotion to the institutions of the country, in the last war, and exposed their lives, patrolling and shedding their blood in defending them. According to the above sweeping order of the War Department, these officers, though on furlough, are not permitted to visit the Capital of their native land—a right common to all citizens—a right we believe to be unreasonable.

A CITIZEN.

We give place to the foregoing communication about expressing any opinion upon the matter, as we know not the ground upon which the order was made, nor the abuses which, it may be presumed, it was intended to remedy. The complimentary remark of our correspondent, however, should be qualified; for although the right of locomotion may be considered as "unalienable," yet officers and soldiers in the service of the United States do, by their engagement to serve, surrender upon the latter the right to command the same. The furlough is a privilege which the post office gives it must, of course, have the right of transit and control.—Eos. Com. Adv.

The late Mr. RANDOLPH.—Some two or three weeks ago, we copied from the Lynchburg Virginian an article respecting the opinions of our late Father of the Republican Party, as to constitutionality of a protective tariff—how close of which article, it appears, was mine:

"As late as 1824, we believe, but one man of eminence in the Union had deemed it Congress the constitutional right to impose heavy duties on foreign laborers, for the purpose of protecting domestic manufactures; and that man was JOHN CALHOUN, who, it was supposed at the time, was actuated by the same disposition to oppress every thing which had uniformly diminished his popularity as a new blood internal, from the moment that he became a disappointed politician, consequent on Mr. J. Calhoun's refusal to appoint him Minister to England."

We observe, in the last number of the *London and Exquirer*, an elaborate article, (ascribed to the Whig to a distinguished gentleman of the law) ably, and, we doubt not, successfully delineating the character of Mr. RANDOLPH from the reputation conveyed in the remark of the

LATEST FROM THE PRESIDENT

The absence of New Orleans papers and some Western papers due within the last few days, assure us that this awful disease is making havoc among our friends in the South and West, exciting a correspondent alarm, and deranging the whole course of business. The last Louisville papers furnish the following melancholy proof of the indiscriminate ravages of this terrible scourge.—
Travellers from St. Louis inform that the Hon. Mr. BUCKNER, Member of the U. S. Senate, [from Missouri], died last week of the cholera. His lady died of the same disease, and at about the same time."

Our latest advices from New Orleans are by the way of New York, and consist of the following extracts of letters:

New Orleans, June 7.
I consider it a duty to inform you of the dreadful mortality that surrounds us in this devoted city. Not an hour can we call our own. The morning's dawn cheers our healthy frames—the evening's close they are shrouded for the tomb. Poor and rich, bond and free, prudent and imprudent, are alike swept off in a brief hour. At night they retire in perfect health; in the morning they repose in death.

The scourge commenced with a good breeze from the S. E. last Monday, (though we had had many calms through the winter,) since which time we have lost more of that class of the community who may be styled as provided for, than we did during the visit of the disorder last November. Among the many our papers will point out several names; would they were all! But a small part are mentioned in them. The physicians are indefatigable in their exertions, but they acknowledge that the disorder baffles their art. Skolem the patient survives longer than twelve hours.

The deaths last night were forty, among the respectable; in the lower classes, no one known. Very few recover. At this I am astonished; for a diarrhoea preceded every case, which if taken instantly, may be controlled. I have administered to several without a doctor, with uniform success, giving calomel in quantity, with warm drink. Our common council are very negligent; the city is filthy in the extreme, and they show no wish to have it cleaned.

The deaths are now estimated at 80 day, from the interments of the graveyards alone.—Daily Ad.

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* By the extracts from the New Orleans Bulletin, given below, we are encouraged to hope that this number is large. We have seen other letters, which coincide near with the Bulletin.—*Journal of Comm.*

FROM THE NEW ORLEANS BULLETIN, JUNE 7.
There is no doubt that the Cholera now prevails epidemically in the city, and that the deaths from this ugly cause, have been from 40 to 50 per day since 8 days last. Report says more.

FROM THE SAME, JUNE 8.

The internments yesterday, as nearly as we could ascertain, were, at the Protestant graveyard, 22; at Catholic, 59; in all, 81. Our population at present reckoned at from 40 to 45,000. Emigrants and slaves have suffered most.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.—An American gentleman on a visit to St. Petersburg, in a letter to a friend in this country bears the following favorable testimony to the personal character of the Emperor.

"The Emperor of Russia, whatever we may think of his conduct towards Poland, is a sovereign to whose subjects are devotedly attached. His private character is without blemish. Indeed his example, and that of the Empress, have already done much to reform the manners of their Court. He is by far the most able and energetic sovereign in Europe. I am convinced it is his policy to avoid war for the present. I cannot foresee any change in the nature of the Belgian question which would induce him to assume a hostile attitude. Besides, the character of the King of Prussia is a guarantee for a general peace. Yet it cannot be denied that Europe at present is a magazine of powder, and any accidental spark would apply the spark."

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A BAR DEBT.—Some months ago, one of the passengers of an old and long since dismasted frigate recollected among the property of the company there was an anchor at the South which had been taken, rather than sold, for a bad debt; and that it lay somewhere near one of the regions lately become so famous for gold. The frigate was looked up, and the land examined, where, to the surprise of all, a mine was discovered upon it, of such richness. As the best means of bringing the property to market, a company was obtained, large, powerful, and

The arrangements previously announced for the reception of the President of the U. States, were yesterday morning carried into full effect. At half past 11 o'clock, the beautiful steamer Boston, Capt. Comstock, made her appearance with the President and suite from New London. As she entered the harbor, salutes were fired from the batteries at this post, commanded by Maj. Lomas, and from the Revenue Cutter, Capt. Calhoun. The Boston, superbly decorated with flags, and round the North point of Fort Wolcott, and passed slowly down our spacious harbor amid the thunderings of cannon, and the loud cheering from the vessels and shores. The steamer Rumbolt immediately went alongside of the Boston, as she lay off, received the Passengers and Suite, and at 12 o'clock, proceeded to the Custom House. Baroques were provided for the President and Suite, and the procession was then formed, and moved up Thames street, to the South side of Washington square, thence up Tavern street to Whitehall's Hotel. The President rode in a carriage by the side of the Hon. Christopher G. Champlin, and remained uncovered the whole distance with his hat in his hand, gracefully bowing to the multitude as he passed—the ladies wearing their white handkerchiefs and garden flowers from the windows.

On his arrival at the hotel, where apartments were provided for his reception, those of his fellow-citizens who wished, paid their respects to him. At half past 1 o'clock he visited Fort Adams, and we learn was highly gratified with the appearance of the extensive fortifications then going forward under the superintendence of Col. Totten. He will leave town this morning at 6, in the steamer Boston, for Providence.

A correspondent seriously enquires who *Major Jack Downing* is, and denounces his letters as "nonsense." Major Jack we suppose to be a shadowy personage, of a numerous family; or rather one who has no shadow at all. At all events though he uses a name, he is like the Irish gentleman's correspondent—"very anonymous." It seems to hover about President Jackn in like progress, and boasts not a little of enjoying special favor. We confess that we prefer Major Jack's homely epistles to Major Longbow's gorgeous narratives. More, no doubt, will be heard from Downing, from "down East," when the President has reached that bustling and glowing meridian.—*National Gazette.*

We are pleased to perceive that the Portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Madison is more to be admired than Tully and Tacitus at Tusculum—is passing extensively through the country. While the busy world around them eagerly engaged in the contentions of party, and the strifes of interest, these honourable representatives of other times, are peacefully interchanging the reminiscences of early life and cultivation in the serene evening of a well spent day, social and domestic virtues. Long may they endure.—*Newark Daily Ad.*

At a late meeting of the London Zoological Society, the question was discussed whether the Gardens of the Society should be closed on certain hours on Sunday. It was decided in the negative. The Dearns of Carlisle referred to the fact that it was to be proposed to Parliament for restricting the amusements of the People and the exercise of certain professions on the Sabbath. He said "he was decidedly opposed to it [cheering.] He would further say, that the provisions in the bill were exceedingly absurd [hear] and he would add, that if such a bill were passed, it would throw them back to the days of Puritanism. He would never interfere with the cheerful enjoyment of Sunday; and could not but think that the provisions of the bill, which has been made public, would materially trench on the cheerful enjoyments of the people." The Dean cited the Bishop of London as having the same sentiments with himself on the subject.

The Rev. Mr. Stanley, of Cheshire, said, "as an allusion had been made to the clergymen in the country being inclined to support the bill which had been alluded to, he could declare that the sentiments of the country clergymen were decidedly in unison with those expressed by the Duke of Carlisle." [cheers].—*Nat. Gaz.*

GEORGE CATLIN, Esq., the painter, who just performed "a tour through the vast and remote regions of Upper Missouri," has made some interesting communications to the New York Commercial Advertiser. The annexed extracts are passages of his latest from St. Louis:

"This is a vast country of green fields, where men are all red—where men are the staff of life—no lakes but those of *homer* are known—where the pine gives way to the cotton wood and poplar, and the salt mountain sheds its alkali on the

A RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE

South Carolina, Georgia, and Maryland, and down together, on Wednesday, to the Old South Chapel, to a table of no less than thirty. The spirits drank on the occasion, the champagne fountains of Southern eloquence were union, education, and the number of gentlemen had association, to consider the best means of promoting the moral and religious interests of the slaves, especially of the slave population. The meeting was organized by the choice of Messrs. WYNN, as Chairman, and WILLIAM G. SEXTON, as Secretary, and addresses were delivered by Messrs. CARPENTER and DAVIS, Agents of the Society of the Synod of South Carolina, and by the Chairman and JOSEPH TAYLOR, of the meeting, upwards of \$2400. The gentlemen present, to aid the theological school located at Columbia, South Carolina, a substantial argument, that the North are ready, on all proper occasions, to show their attachment to their brethren at the South.

The remarks of our Southern friend
 ized by gentlemanly and Christian feel-
 proud that we were fellow-citizens.

The Rev. Mr. Wiassa, of a recent Southern States, had invited the government at Columbia, to test the feelings by an appeal in behalf of the sermons.

The Rev. Mr. Davis stated, that the people of his section of the country were in a similar object, and it was their wish.

They wanted to educate their slaves well, for the work of the n.

Because they could endure the climate, acquainted with the peculiarities and kind because there was a prejudice against them, who could not have free access.

He alluded to the recent Atlanta; that many people thought New only actuated by sordid interest, in the South; that we had now an opportunity.

This was the only thought, that in a climate similar to that of the south in Southern Asia, &c. One situated at the South, would be of more the temperate or Northern regions, Africa or Asia.

Cokelet Lumsden, who spoke first, stated, (that his clerical friends whom he met in this city, had solicited him to do this duty, knowing the responsibility assumed in making the appeal. That in the South against the North, he survived to disabuse the public mind, was in danger, and this meeting for that to the notes of defiance which sounded in his own State, and the State of the South. He spoke of slavery with much feeling, and remarked, that strange as it seemed from a slave State, he would to witness that the most violent abolitionist could not more seriously desire this between the master and the slave. Several circumstances were now concluded, a change had taken place in the sentiment of the planters; he believed the interests of the owners, and

ing, as he said the principle would be only difference of opinion would be done in the best manner? He proposed Sabbath School singing on the W. prompt of our Saviour, "Love on that this commandment, which was new commandment, he hoped would be the brethren of the North and it meeting would forge a new link to which all churches are common count.

Rev. Mr. CHAMBER addressed it the close remarking that the time which would prevent him from attending—his would simply call the case object of the meeting, i. e. to pursue a Theological Professor at the University was exceedingly pertinent, up the claims of the institution, examining it, and was ready to declare conviction of his understanding, more worthy and pressing object one so presented. Mr. TARR up until midnight to bear remarks up the difficulty which he was singing—applying them, he moved that the proceed to the business of subject.

The meeting then terminated, a plumeable character—forming country's history, and the influence in a more kind and fraternal feeling the American Republic.—Covington

AUCTION NO

THIS MORNING, at ten o'clock
Moorns on Bridge street, I shall
offer considerable quantity of DRY GOOD
ing, Hat & Palm Leaf Fans, 50 lbs. each,
Archie, worth attention. Also
And at half past 4 P. M. in an
o'clock, I shall sell 1/2 Quarter of
do. (old) Madeira, 10 Baskets
pipes French Brandy, with many
at sale.

THOS.

SALE OF FUR

Missouri Republican, St. Louis

9 July 1833
2:5

GEORGE CATLIN, Esq., the painter, who has just performed "a tour through the vast and wild regions of Upper Missouri," has made some interesting communications to the New-York Commercial Advertiser. The annexed extracts are passages of his latest from St. Louis.

"This is a vast country of green fields, where the men are all red—where meat is the staff of life—where no laws but those of honor are known—where the oak and the pine give way to the cotton wood and peccan—where the buffalo range, the elk, mountain sheep, and the fleet bounding antelope—where the magpie and chattering paroquettes supply the place of the red breast and blue bird—where wolves are white and bears grizzly—where pheasants are hens of the prairie, and frogs have horns—where the rivers are yellow, and white men are turned savages in heart. Through the whole of this strange land the dogs are all wolves—women all slaves—men all lords."

"In traversing these vast wilds, it gave me great satisfaction to find nearly all the savage tribes on the Upper Missouri, and its tributaries to the Rocky Mountains, enjoying the comforts of life to a great degree, in a climate delightful and healthy, and a country abounding in most parts with game; which supplies them with a plenty of food; being supplied by the American Fur Company with arms, ammunition, and other necessaries of life, for which they pay in furs and peltries on the return from their long hunts. Since they have learned the use of fire arms, clothes, &c. it has become necessary to furnish them with these articles annually, to prevent them from going to the British Company, who stand ready to supply them and monopolize the fur trade in our own country, and cultivate an influence over them extremely dangerous to our frontiers."

Daily National Intelligencer, Wash., DC10 July 1833
3:3**THE WEST.**

From one of GEORGE CATLIN's interesting letters we make the following extract :

A journey of four thousand miles from the Atlantic shore, regularly receding from the centre of civilized society to the extreme wildness of nature's original works, and back again, opens a book for many an interesting tale to be sketched; and the mind which lives but to relish the works of nature, reaps a reward of a much higher order than can arise from the selfish expectations of pecuniary emolument. Notwithstanding all that has been written and said, there is scarcely any subject on which the knowing people of the East are yet less informed and instructed than on the character and amusements of the West : by this I mean the "*far West*"—the country whose fascinations spread a charm over the mind almost dangerous to civilized pursuits—people even know the true definition of the term "West"—and where is its location?—phantom like, it flies before us as we travel, and our way is continually gilded before us as we approach the setting sun.

In the commencement of my tour, several of my travelling companions from the city of New York found themselves at a frightful distance to the west, when we arrived at Niagara Falls, and hastened back to amuse their friends with the scenes of the West—at Buffalo a steamboat was landing with four hundred passengers, and twelve days out—"Where from?" "From the West." In the rich State of Ohio hundreds were selling their farms, and going—to the West. In the beautiful city of Cincinnati, people said to me, "our town has seen its best days, it is not far enough to the West." In St. Louis, my landlady assured me that I would be pleased with her boarders, for they were nearly all merchants from the "West." I asked—"whence comes those steamboats, laden with pork, honey, hides, &c.?" "From the West." "Whence those ponderous bars of silver which those men have been for hours shouldering and putting on board that boat?"—they come from the West. Where goes this steamboat, so richly laden with dry goods, steam engines, &c.?—she goes to Jefferson city—

"Jefferson city? Where is that?" Far to the West.

"And where goes that boat laden down to her gunnel, the Yellow Stone?" She goes still farther to the west—then said I, "I'll go to the west." Two thousand miles in her and we were at the mouth of Yellow Stone—at the west. "What! invoices, bills of lading, &c., a wholesale establishment so far to the west! And those strange looking, long haired gentlemen who have just arrived and are relating the adventures of their long and tedious journey, who are they?" Oh, they are some of our merchants just arrived from the west. "And that keel-boat, that Mackinaw boat, and that formidable caravan, all of which are richly laden with goods?—These, sir, are outfits for the west. "Going to the west, ha!" Then said I, "I'll try it again." What a fort here, too?" *Oui, monsieur—oui monsieur.* "What distance are you West of Yellow Stone here?" *Comment?* "What distance—(stop)—quel distance?" *Pardon, monsr. trois cents milles, monsr.* "Ou parlez vous pas l'Anglais?" *Non, monsr. I speaks de French and de Americaine, mais je ne parle pas l'Anglais.* "Well, then, my good fellow, I will speak English and you may speak Americaine." "Pardon, pardon, monsieur." "Well, then, we will both speak Americaine." *Val, sare, je suis bien content, pour for I see dat you speaks pully cool Americaine.* "What Indians are those so splendidly dressed, and with such fine horses, encamped on the plain yonder?" *Ils sont Corbeaux, "Crows, lia!"* Yes, sare, monsieur. "We are then in a Crow country?" *Non, monsieur, we are in the countree of de dam pieds noirs.* "Black-feet, ha?" *Oui.* "What blue mountain is that which we see in the distance yonder?" *Ha, quel Montaigne? cela est a Montaigne du—(pardon.)* "Du Rochers, I suppose?" *Oui, monsieur de Rocky Montaigne.* "You live here, I suppose?" *Non, monsieur, I comes fair from de west. Monsieur Pierre Chouteau can give you de histoire de ma vie—it bien sait que je prends les castors.* "You carry goods, I suppose, to trade with the Snake Indians beyond the Mountains, and trap Beaver, also?" *Oui, monsieur.* "Do you see any thing of the Flat-heads' in your country?" *Non, monsieur, ils demeurent very fair to de west.* "Well, Baptiste, I'll lay my course back again, and at some future period, endeavor to go to the west."

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~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

The regulation, though it is for the first time published in the following article, has been for some days past the subject of conversation. Since it has been disclosed, from a source doubtless authentic, we copy it, with the comments of the New York Commercial Advertiser and its correspondent. It is a question concerning which we easily conceive much may be said on both

THE ARMY.—A subscriber requests the publication of the following paragraph, of an order lately published from the War Department, to wit:

"The practice which has so extensively prevailed, of officers of the Army visiting the Seat of Government, has been injurious to the public service. The evil of the practice has been not only in withdrawing officers from their proper stations, but frequently in its effect upon the business of the Army, and upon public opinion. There are no benefits to individuals which can outweigh the disadvantages of this indiscriminate interference. Where such visits are necessary for the public service, or for any just right of the individual concerned, they will be justified; nor will reasonable indulgence for the gratification of laudable curiosity be refused, where the circumstances of applicants make them proper, and where the public interest will not suffer. But of the propriety of these the General-in-Chief will judge; and therefore no officer will visit the seat of Government unless ordered, or unless specially permitted so to do by the General-in-Chief. An officer, however, may pass through the Seat of Government when on duty, or on leave of absence, provided it is the most direct route to his place of destination; but, in such case, he will report in person to the Adjutant General, and not remain more than 24 hours."

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A correspondent seriously enquires who *Maj. Jack Downing* is, and denounces his letters as "nonsense." Major Jack we suppose to be a shadowy personage, of a numerous family; or rather one who has no shadow at all. At all events though he uses a name, he is like the Irish gentleman's correspondent—"very anonymous." It seems to hover about President Jackann in his progress, and boasts not a little of enjoying special favor. We confess that we prefer Major Jack's homely epistles to Major Longbow's gorgeous narratives. More, no doubt, will be heard from Downing, from "down East," when the President has reached that bustling and glowing meridian.—*National Gazette.*

We are pleased to perceive that the Portrait-Advertiser's portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Madison more to be admired than Tully and Trajan at Tusculum—is passing extensively through the country. While the busy world around them eagerly engaged in the contentions of party, and the strifes of interest, these honourable representatives of other times, are peacefully interchanging the reminiscences of early life, and cultivation in the serene evening of a well spent day, social and domestic virtues. Long may they endure.—*Newark Daily Adv.*

At a late meeting of the London Zoological Society, the question was discussed whether the Gardens of the Society should be closed on certain hours on Sunday. It was decided in the negative. The Deputy Carlisle referred to the which was to be proposed in Parliament for restricting the amusements of the People and the exercise of certain professions on the Sabbath. He said "he was decidedly opposed to it [cheering.] He would further say, that the provisions in the bill were exceedingly objectionable, and he would add, that if such a bill passed, it would throw them back to the days of Puritanism. He would never interfere with the cheerful enjoyment of Sunday; and could not but think that the provisions of the bill, which has been made public, would materially trench on the cheerful enjoyments of the people." The Deputy cited the Bishop of London, having the same sentiments with himself on the subject.

The Rev. Mr. Stanley, of Cheshire, said, "as allusion had been made to the clergyman in the country being inclined to support the bill, had been alluded to, he could declare that the sentiments of the country clergyman were decidedly in unison with those expressed by the Duke of Carlisle." [cheers.]—*Nat. Gaz.*

GEOOR CATLIN, Esq., the painter, who just performed "a tour through the vast and regions of Upper Missouri," has made some interesting communications to the New York Commercial Advertiser. The annexed extracts

"This is a vast country of green fields, where men are all red—where ~~most~~ is the staff of life—no lance but those of honor are known—where the and the pine give way to the cotton wood and peaches where the buffalo range, the elk, mountain sheep

A RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE
Held at the Old South Chapel, Savannah, Georgia, on Wednesday, the 27th of May, 1846.

South Carolina, Georgia, and North Carolina, and down together, on Wednesday, the 27th of May, at the Old South Chapel, to a table of no less than thirty. The spirits drank on the occasion, champagne fountains of Southern eloquence were union, education, and number of gentlemen had assembled, to consider the best means of promoting the moral and religious interests of the South, especially of the slave population. The meeting was organized by the choicest of the South, as Chairman, and WILLIAM G. BROWN, as Secretary, and addresses were delivered by Messrs. CHURCHMAN and Davis, Agents of the Synod of the Synod of South Carolina, and by the Chairman, and JOHN TAYLOR, close of the meeting, up of \$2400, by the gentlemen present, to aid the theological school located at Columbia, South Carolina, affording a substantial argument, that the North are truly, an all proper occasion, attachment in their brethren at the South. The remarks of our Southern friends, made by gentlemen and Christian friends, were as follows:

The Rev. Mr. Wisnau, on a recent Southern States, had invited the government at Columbia, to test the feeling here amongst in behalf of their regime.

The Rev. Mr. Davis stated, that the people of his section of the country were for a similar object, and it was their animus. They wanted to educate their own soil, for the work of the n. Because they could endure the climate associated with the peculiarities and limitations because there was a prejudice against them, who could not have free education. He alluded to the recent situation that many people thought Negroes only actuated by sordid interest, in the South; that we had now an upper class. This was the only Theology used in a climate similar to that of the same in Southern Asia, &c. One situated at the South, would be of more the temperate or Northern regions, Africa or Asia.

Colonel Lumsden, who spoke will stated, that his clerical friends whom he met in this city, had solicited him to do his duty, knowing the responsibility assumed in making this appeal. The Kings at the South against the North, had strive to disabuse the public mind been in danger, and this meeting is but to the notes of defiance which sounded in his own State, and the State. He spoke of slavery with much less

27, and remarked, that strange as it
coming from a slave State, he would
wonder that the most violent abolition
could not more seriously declare their
ties between the master and the slave
various circuit balances were now con-
result a change had taken place in
the sentiments of the planters, in the
the interests of the owners, and in
identified in emancipation, and the
ing us, when the principle would be
only difference of opinion would be
be done in the best manner." He p-
Sabbath School hanging on the w-
presence of our Saviour, "Love on
that this commandment, which was
new covenant, had hoped was
by the brethren of the North and the
meeting would forge a new link to
which all circles are common count.

Rev. Mr. CHASTET addressed it
the close remarking that the time
which would prevent him from at-
tending—his would simply call their
one object of the meeting, i. e. to
port a Theological Professor at the
WISCONSIN was exceedingly pertinent
up the close of the institution, w-
examined it, and was ready to decl
conviction of his understanding,
more worthy and pressing object
one so presented. Mr. TAPPAN
until it might to bear remarks up
the only difficulty was in bringing
tively; then, he moved that the
priced at to the business of subject

The meeting thus terminated,
a plausible character-forming
country's history, and the influen
in a more kind and fraternal feeling
the American Republic.—Courier.

AUCTION. NO
THIS MORNING, at ten o'clock
 Moorme on Bridge street, I shall
 advertise quantity in DRY GOOD
 ings, Hat, Palm Leaf Fans, 4 Pack
 bared Custom Balls, 50 lbs. each,
 Arisles, worth attention. Also,
 And at half past 4 P. M. in on
 signments, I shall sell 1/3 Quarter
 o Jas. (W.) Madsen, 10 Baskets
 pipes French Brandy, with many
 at sale. T. HOS.

SALE OF FUR
R. C. W. Balslev

Missouri Republican, St. Louis

12 July 1833
2: 3

THE "FAR WEST."

Notwithstanding all that has been written and said, there is scarcely any subject on which the *knowing* people of the East, are yet less informed and instructed than on the character and amusements of the West; by this I mean the "*Far West*"—the country whose fascinations spread a charm over the mind almost dangerous to civilized pursuits. Few people even know the true definition of the term "*West*"—and where is its location?—phantom like it flies before us as we travel, and our way is continually gilded before us, as we approach the setting sun.

In the commencement of my tour, several of my travelling companions from the city of New York found themselves at a frightful distance to the West, when we arrived at Niagara Falls and hastened back to amuse their friends with scenes of the West—at Buffalo, a steam boat was landing with 400 passengers, and twelve days out—"Where from?" "from the West."—In the rich state of Ohio, hundreds were selling their farms and going—to the West. In the beautiful city of Cincinnati people said to me, "our town has seen its best days—it is not far enough West." In St. Louis, my landlady assured me that I would be pleased with her boarders, for they were nearly all merchants from the "West." I asked—"whence comes those steam boats laden with pork, honey, hides, &c?" from the "West." "Whence those ponderous bars of silver which those men have been for hours shouldering and putting on board that boat?"—they come from the West. Where goes this steam boat so richly laden with dry goods, steam engines, &c.—*she goes to Jefferson City.* "Jefferson City?"—"Where is that?"—far to the West. "And where goes that boat laden down to her gunnels, the Yellow Stone?" She goes still farther to the West—then, said I, "I'll go the West."

Two thousand miles on her and we were at the mouth of Yellow Stone—at the West.—"What, invoices, bills of lading, &c. a whole-

sale establishment, so far to the West?—And those strange looking, long haired gentlemen who have just arrived and are relating the adventures of their long and tedious journey, who are they?—Oh, they are some of our merchants just arrived from the West. "And that keel boat, that Mackinaw boat, and that formidable caravan, all of which are richly laden with goods?" These, sir, are outfits for the West—"Going to the West, ha?"—Then said I, "I'll try it again." "What, a Fort here, too?" *Oui, monsieur—oui, monsieur.* "What distance are you west of Yellow Stone, here?"—*Comment?* "What distance—(stop)—quel distance?"—*Pardon, mons'r, trois cents milles, mons'r.* "Ne parlez vous pas l'Anglais?" *Non, mons'r, I speaks de French and de Americaine, mais je ne parle pas l'Anglais.*—"Well, then, my good fellow, I will speak English, and you may speak Americaine." *Pardon, pardon, monsieur.* "Well, then, we will both speak Americaine." *Val, sare, je suis bien content, pour for I see dat you speaks putty cool Americaine.* "What Indians are those so splendidly dressed, and with such fine horses, encamped on the plain yonder?" *Ils sont Corbeaux—*"Crows, ha?" *Yes, sare, monsieur.* "We are then in the Crow country?" *Non, monsieur, we ure in de coontree of de dam pieds noirs.* "Black-feet, ha?" *Oui.* "What blue mountain is that which we see in the distance yonder?" *Ha, quel Montaigne? cela est la Montaigne du—(pardon.)* "Du Rochers, I suppose?" *Oui, Monsieur, de Rocky Montaigne.* "You live here, I suppose?" *Non, Monsieur, I comes far from the West.* *Monsieur Pierre Chouteau can give you de historie de me vie—il bien sait tout de la Montaigne.* "I suppose to trade with the Snake Indians beyond the Mountains, and trap Beaver, also?" *Oui, Monsieur.* "Do you see any thing of the Flat-heads in your country?" *Non, Monsieur, ils demeurent very far to de West.* "Well, Baptiste, I'll lay my course back again, and at some future period, endeavor to go to the West."

[Carlin's Letters.]